VOGUE

CH 15

shion–
e you with it?
lick ways to tell

eauty–
w to stay with it

ris Copies
re and now

young
shion personality's
ea fund

ou and
e Queen of Sheba:
e breathing link"





DROP ANCHOR IN A NEW WORLD! A world of picturesque junks and rickshaws, of exotic bazaars and unequalled bargains, of charm and adventure and timeless traditions —the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong!

And that's only part of the package. This Orient Cruise takes you also to Honolulu and Yokohama, Manila and Kobe. Each has a flavor and fascination, a color and character, uniquely its own.

Entertainment? Swimming, deck sports, movies, dancing—your great President Liner offers you every pleasure afloat. Accommodations? Every stateroom is First Class, each with private bath and 24-hour room service. Fares? From $1386 for six full weeks of sun and sea.

Later cruises are available, too. The SS PRESIDENT CLEVELAND sails from San Francisco on June 30, the SS PRESIDENT WILSON on July 24, the SS PRESIDENT HOOVER on Aug. 3. (Alternate sailings of the Presidents Wilson and Cleveland also call at Los Angeles.) See your Travel Agent. Or write American President Lines, Department AM, San Francisco 4, for free folder.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES
Trans-Pacific *Round the World*

TWICE MONTHLY A GREAT PRESIDENT LINER SAILS FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO THE ORIENT

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES' OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • BOSTON • WASHINGTON, D. C. • HONOLULU



Leslie Morris
designed
this Spring suit
for town...
black and white
wool tweed,
collared and
corsaged in
white pique
Exclusive
in our

Made-to-Order Collection
on the Second Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

New!

MY SIN

fragrance spray

by LANVIN



The lady chooses to remain a mystery, but there's *no* mystery about the fragrance spray she's using! It's new. It's lavish. It's Lanvin. *Different* from any other spray because an exclusive Lanvin process keeps the measured seduction of MY SIN Eau de Toilette completely unchanged, completely beautiful, from first spray to last.

In Lanvin's *elegant* black-and-gold container: *three* magnificent ounces, about 1500 sprays! Five dollars. Refills 3.75. plus tax

AMERICAN VOGUE

JESSICA DAVES
Editor-in-Chief
ALEXANDER LIBERMAN
Art Director

Senior Editors:
ALLENE TALMEY, Feature Editor
PRISCILLA PECK, Art Editor
MARGARET CASE

Managing Editor:
CAROL PHILLIPS

Fashion Editors:
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG
CATHERINE McMANUS
BABS SIMPSON
KATHRYNE HAYS
MARGARET INGERSOLL
GRACE MIRABELLA
BETTY RHINEHART
CHESBROUGH RAYNER
HELEN ROBINSON, Shop Hound
ELEANORE PHILLIPS, Los Angeles
SUSAN TRAIN, Paris

Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON

Beauty Editor:
CATHERINE GRAVETT
BETTINA McNULTY

Copy Editor:
ROSEMARY BLACKMON

Copy Associates:
LYDIA McCLEAN
MARY KLEVE
EDITH LOEW

Fashions in Living:
ALISON BISGOOD

Travel Editor:
DESPINA MESSINESI

Contributing Editors:
MILLICENT FENWICK • MARY ROBLEE HENRY
TATIANA McKENNA • THOMAS W. PHIPPS
MARY VAN RENSSELAER THAYER
CANDACE VAN ALEN • DOROTHEA WALKER
MAB WILSON • PHYLLIS STARR WILSON

Copy Executive:
JEANNE BALLOT
ANNIS BRADSHAW

Merchandising Service:
DOROTHY PARK

Production Manager:
MARCEL GUILLAUME

Layout:
G. WOODFORD PRATT
GERALD SLATER

Promotion Director:
MARY JANE POOL

Advertising Director:
HAROLD B. HOLTZ

Advertising Manager:
WILLIAM C. STOWELL

Fashion Advertising Manager:
RICHARD McMAHON

Associate Advertising Manager:
ROBERT E. YOST

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE
Statler Building, Boston 16, Mass.
Manager: John Brunelle

WESTERN OFFICE
Wrigley Building, Chicago 11, Ill.
Manager: Donald H. Koehler

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE
631 S. Westmoreland Ave., Los Angeles 5, Cal.
Manager: Robert J. Lapham

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W.1.
Editor: Audrey Withers
Chairman: Harry W. Yoxall
Managing Director: Reginald A. F. Williams

FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7
Editor: Edmonde Charles-Roux
Ass't to Publisher: Henry Bertrand

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE
CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
Editorial and Advertising Offices
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Telephone — LExington 2-7500

I. S. V.-Patcévitch, President
Benjamin Bogin, Vice President
Perry L. Ruston, Vice President
Wells Drorbaugh, Vice President
Alfred W. Cook, Treasurer
Mary E. Campbell, Secretary
Harold G. Meyer, Business Manager
Frank F. Soule, General Sales Counsel

COPYRIGHT 1960, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR—TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS—ARE PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND COUNTRIES SIGNATORY TO THE BERNE CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. TITLE VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE. VOGUE IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. VOGUE, FRENCH VOGUE, HOUSE & GARDEN, GLAMOUR INCORPORATING CHARM, VOGUE PATTERN BOOK, THE BRIDE'S MAGAZINE]. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. EXECUTIVE AND PUBLISHING OFFICES: GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SUBSCRIPTIONS $8.50 A YEAR, $13 FOR TWO YEARS, $17 FOR THREE YEARS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. TO POINTS OUTSIDE CANADA, U.S.A., AND POSSESSIONS, $13.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES. SIXTY CENTS IN U.S. AND CANADA. $1 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES. FOUR WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST WRAPPER.

Vol. 135, No. 6
Whole No. 2036

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

MARCH 15, 1960

COVER

Suit thinking—are you with it?
If you are, there's a new kind of suit,
with a new longitude of coat, and a
skirt to match. Here, the blazer
dazzlement is extended full-length in
golden apricot wool imported from France.
The coat is piped in white silk shantung;
the sleeveless blouse is white silk
shantung, too. By Traina-Norell,
admittedly Chanel-inspired.
Gilt bracelets by Monet. Handbag by Lucille.
All at Bergdorf Goodman. The suit,
also at Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
More golden tones in the new
Dorothy Gray lipstick, Jewel of India.



HORST

FASHIONS

75 Vogue's eye view of Paris copies
76 Paris copies here and now—an 18-page report
77 Fashion . . . are you with it?
98 Seventh in Vogue's series on fashion personalities: Mrs. John Simms Kelly
102 New seal in town—and what goes with it
114 This-minute plans in black-and-white
120 For little girls: Little-Mary-Sunshine colours
122 Spring suits—more than one virtue
126 Vogue Patterns: Black and white—new plots in dots
130 For spring evenings: obi bows in printed silk
132 Fashion naturals U.S.A. from silk prints to linen to leather
136 The new thread of the weightless matter

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

22 "I Seemed Immortal Then." By Robert Fontaine
42 "What Is It About Monte Carlo?" By Lord Kilbracken
50 "An African Riviera." By Mary Roblee Henry
59 "How Did They Ever Manage?" By Harriet Van Horne
94 People Are Talking About . . .
95 Anthony Perkins
96 Mrs. Murray Vanderbilt
108 "You and the Queen of Sheba: the Breathing Link." By Harlow Shapley
110 The Great Welsh Painter: Augustus John
111 "The Great Welsh Poet: Dylan Thomas." By Gilbert Highet
112 Air Cruises—23 trips, all continents, some specialties
148 "Mrs. Smith Regrets." By Elinor Goulding Smith

FASHIONS IN LIVING

27 At New Orleans parties
140 Porcelain enamel: toiler, spinner, and lily of the field
146 Tabling a new kind of motion: slip-stream silver
147 Entertaining in a different time slot

BEAUTY

97 Beauty . . . how to stay with it
104 New controls for the illusion of beauty
106 New blond play: champagne and honey; the tassel coiffure

DEPARTMENTS

60 Vogue's School and Camp Directory
64 Shop Hound

The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture has requested that all publications showing Paris models from this collection publish the following line, to apply to all models shown: "Copyrighted model—reproduction forbidden." Of course, this does not apply to shops and makers who have bought the original models.



Left: Beguiling panel of simulated tucking with scallops of Swiss embroidery —blue or pink silk organza. Toddler (with panty) and 3 to 6x, $18.00; 7 to 12, $22.00. *Center:* An heirloom dress of embroidered Swiss organdy—white over pink or turquoise—3 to 6x, $25.00; 7 to 12, $32.00. *Right:* Pima broadcloth enhanced with beautiful Swiss embroidery and French val lace. Toddler (with panty) and 3 to 6x, $15.00; 7 to 12, $18.00 . . . yellow or baby blue. Available in fine fashion stores throughout the country, or write CELESTE, 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Sophie FLUTTERS BLACK LACE OVER SILK MARQUISETTE WITH A SPANISH-FAN ARTFULNESS, 410.00

EXCLUSIVE IN OUR OWN SOPHIE
READY-TO-WEAR COLLECTIONS

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • SPRINGFIELD, N. J. • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • MIAMI BEACH • PALM BEACH



From Ben Reig's

"You're So Light" collection—

faultless tailoring

in a distinguished suit

of Prince of Wales plaid.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

A Division of Burlington Industries

Burlington QUALITY ®

Fashion is flowering in fifty-seventh street / Henri Bendel, 10 West



Hattie Carnegie

Hattie Carnegie

Hattie Carnegie Originals from hat to hem:
costume of imported allegro-checked cotton jacquard,
only at Carnegie's Ready to Wear Salons.
Popover silk organza hat; snowdrop and pretend pearl necklace and earrings;
Carnegie Four Winds Cologne.

42 East 49th Street, New York City
and Palm Beach, Florida

MAX FACTOR...
naturally

hi-fi Fluid Make-Up...
naturally

Beautiful...
naturally beautiful

Foolproof...
you can't make a mistake

Streakproof...
every time

and Natural...
natural as a baby's complexion



CALIFORNIA FASHIONS—GOWN BY ERNEST NEWMAN, DIAMONDS BY MARVIN HIME

hi-fi Fluid Make-Up by MAX FACTOR
naturally



Hi-Fi Fluid is so delicate, so sheer it blends right into your own complexion. No one knows you're wearing make-up! No pile-up. No tell-tale edges —just sheer perfection every time. Eight complexion matched shades. *$1.75*

© 1960, MAX FACTOR & CO.

Ice flambé



Spectacular play of light with light...
color with color...fire with fire!
Jewels to inspire a fashion with drama...
to be worn in pairs for a touch of the
flamboyant! Only a few from a collection
of masterpieces in color. Pins from
$7.50, Earrings from $9.00.
Prices plus tax



Authentic only when trademarked Eisenberg

Eisenberg Ice *

Eisenberg Jewelry, 22 West Madison Street, Chicago
14 East 38th Street, New York



TWEED PERFUME . . . . . $2.75 TO $14
COLOGNE . . . . . $1.50 TO $5
TOILET WATER MIST . . . $2.25 TO $3.50
BY LENTHÉRIC
PARIS, NEW YORK



Hathaway also presents these two new Liberty prints in compatible shades of brown.

Hathaway says "vive la différence"—with two new Liberty prints

CALL US romantic or stuffy; we at Hathaway are adamant about male and female dress. Men should look like men. Girls should look like girls.

"Vive la différence!" cried our bi-lingual president when he discovered these two new prints at Liberty's of London. They do not match, yet they are clearly compatible. A masculine and feminine version of the same design, serenely printed on the coolest Egyptian lawn.

Notice the way our Lady Hathaway shirt is cut to a girl's greatest advantage. Bosoms are bosoms. Shoulders are soft. A closer look reveals that the fabric gets the same meticulous tailoring as Hathaway's men's shirts. See how perfectly those patterns match at the seams.

Write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine (or call OXford 7-5566 in New York) and we'll tell you where to buy this Liberty print. We'll also tell you where to get the subdued version for the compatible man in your life. The Lady Hathaway is about $11.00. The man's shirt is three dollars more.



COSTUMES: VERA MAXWELL MATCHING SHOES: JULIANELLI

The new costume-toned stockings pay lilting compliments to fashion's freshest shades. Van Raalte catches a rainbow of them for you this Spring. Seamless or with seams, $1.15 to $1.65, at your nicest stores.

Van Raalte

Because you love nice things

STOCKINGS • GLOVES • LINGERIE



FROM OUR SHIRLEY TEMPLE COLLECTION... A TWO-PIECE CLASSIC IN FINE NO-IRON COTTON. EMBROIDERED WHITE POPOVER, EDGED WITH RICKRACK, TOPS A WOVEN-CHECK FROCK IN PINK OR BLUE. AVAILABLE IN TODDLER SIZES 1, 2, 3. ABOUT $8. AT BEST & CO., NEW YORK; HIGBEE CO., CLEVELAND; J. L. HUDSON, DETROIT AND BRANCHES; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C. WESTERN PRICES MAY BE SLIGHTLY HIGHER.

nannette*

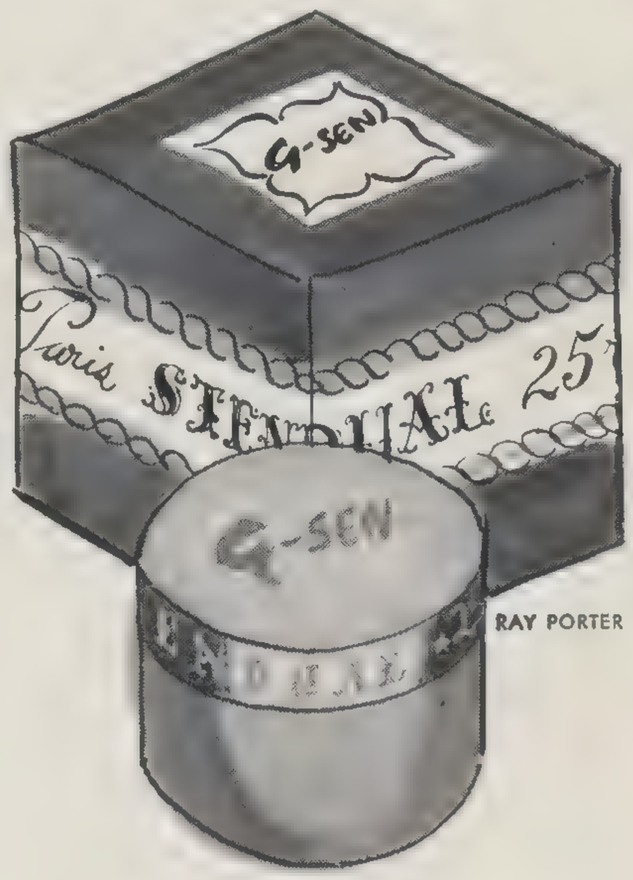
NANNETTE MANUFACTURING CO., INC. • 3800 FRANKFORD AVE. • PHILADELPHIA 24





Ginseng—Oriental herb with 1960 beauty power

Ginseng—motive power behind a new pairing of face cream and foundation—provides nonstop day and night satisfactions for the skin, because the foundation acts as a treatment as well as make-up base. Introduced in Paris twelve months ago, the G-Sen preparations from the House of Stendhal are powered by the aromatic root of this upper-altitude mountain plant. The ancient Chinese called it the "Root of Life"; coveted by the aristocracy, it sold for more than its weight in gold (and, as a matter of fact, the price is still pretty hefty). Modern chemists find that G-Sen has a marvellous soothing and softening effect on skin; vitamin-laden and mineral-rich, it stimulates cells, restores moisture. For concentrated action at night: G-Sen face cream; a small jar, used properly, should provide a good month's supply; 8/10 oz., about $40. G-Sen foundation continues the treatment by day. Once applied it lasts the day long, giving the skin a luminous, velvety look. In five shades; 8/10 oz., about $20. Both at Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson.



RAY PORTER

MALE FORECAST: NEW FOR SPRING, BOLD BUT COOL INTERIM KNITS OF "ORLON"®



HIMALAYA introduces the most exciting innovation in men's sweaters since woman first picked up knitting needles . . . the Interim Knit of 100% "Orlon"* acrylic fiber. Bold and bulky as a sweater, yet light as a summer breeze, this knit has all the practical talents of world-famous "Orlon". This spring and summer, he'll wear his Interim Knit WHEREVER YOU TWO GO FOR FUN!

At **LORD & TAYLOR,** New York, Bala-Cynwyd, Chevy Chase, Garden City, Manhasset, Millburn, Westchester, West Hartford. About $15.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*Du Pont's trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DU PONT

REG U.S. PAT OFF



SANGER'S, DALLAS, TEXAS • JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON, MASS. • GIMBEL'S, N.Y.C. • HUTZLER BROS., BALTIMORE, MD. • CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, CHICAGO, ILL.

refreshing as Spring...

MACSHORE CLASSICS



Shirtwaists in the refreshing manner of Macshore . . .
as exhilarating a part of the Spring landscape as the crocus
and the robin. Choose the shirtdress in one spring color,
the shirtable separates in another. Both bountifully
skirted, superlatively tailored, with roll-up sleeves.
Fine combed cotton in all the new Spring colors.
Left — the two-piecer sizes 8 to 16 about Ten Dollars.
Right — one-piecer, sizes 8 to 18 about Seven Dollars.

At the nicest stores everywhere or write:
MACSHORE CLASSICS INC.
1410 Broadway, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

MAY COMPANY, LOS ANGELES CAL. • F. R. LAZARUS, COLUMBUS, O. • L. S. AYERS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND. • BURDINE'S, MIAMI, FLA. • BON MARCHE, SEATTLE, WASH.



VICTOR COHEN HAT

Your dress says yes! It's enchanting as a fairy tale, daffodil fresh. It must be a Springmaid cotton — what else would a Springmaid wear? From the Shirley Temple collection by **Cinderella,** puffy sleeve confection, lacy edged collar and wide lace and embroidery inserts on sleeve and skirt. In Springmaid Bounce, little-or-no-iron cotton broadcloth. Yellow or lilac. 3 to 6x, about $8. 7 to 14, about $9. B. Altman, New York and branches; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati; Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit; The Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia and other fine stores. Or write: Rosenau Bros., Fox Street and Roberts Avenue, Philadelphia 29, Pennsylvania.



Exciting discovery! Yourself — under the enchanting control of Moon-Lite! Ingenious moon-crescent inserts turn a mere whisper-weight of a high-top girdle into a miracle of shapery. Be sleeker... slimmer... more enchanting — bring Moon-Lite romance into your life! White, Beige, Black. Sizes 25 to 34, $16.50. Matching high-waist panty girdle, $18.50. Wire strapless bra with contour B or C cup, $5.95.

BIEN JOLIE

at fine stores or write... 16 East 40 Street, New York 16, N.Y. Creators of the World's Finest Corsetry



instant luxury...blouses sumptuous in every detail, and so aloof from the iron

left and center: 100% Dacron® polyester with the look of silk crepe, 4.98 right: 65% Dacron polyester/35% fine cotton, 3.98

Ship'n Shore®

the easy-care blouse

What is a little girl?

Yesterday, she decided she's going to be a nurse instead of a figure skater, and that's definite! She's using a private language lately, all the kids are. "Good Morning" sounds like "Ootsnay fremongo." She'd love to have yellow curly hair, handkerchiefs with her name on and bunches of beautiful flowers on fluffy

youngland
dresses



"Fashion's Coming up Lilac," a full bouquet of flowers from hem to shoulders. Lace-edged, with a neat little tucked cummerbund waist, tying in a big bow at the back. Of air soft Dumari cotton voile, Tebilized® for crease-resistance. Lilac on white, Petticoat attached. Sizes 3 to 6x, about $9; sizes 7 to 14, about $11. At Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y. Rich's Atlanta, Ga. / Hutzler's, Baltimore, Md. / Filene's, Boston, Mass / Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y. / John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, Ohio / The Higbee Compan Cleveland, Ohio / Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio / Sanger's, Dallas, Texas / Rike-Kumler, Dayton, Ohio / The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Mich. / Foley's, Houston, Texas L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind. / Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles, Calif. / Goldsmiths, Memphis, Tenn. / Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisc. / Dayton's, Minneapolis, Minn. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa. / Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. / Thalhimers, Richmond, Va. / The Emporium—Downtown, San Francisco, Calif. / Stix, Baer Fuller, St. Louis, Mo. or write to: Sam Landorf & Company, Inc., 112 West 34th Street, New York 1, New York. And in Canada, Kiddie Craft, 8561 St. Dominique Street, Montre

THAT
SAN FRANCISCO
LOOK



Delectable summer refreshment by Eleanor Green in a coat-dress of Dacron. Three points of fashion interest: the flower-fresh warp print . . . the tiny waist . . . the wide, wide collar. In toast or endive green. Sizes 8-16. About $40.

Eleanor Green

At Lord & Taylor
Julius Garfinckel
Bramson's
Joseph Magnin
Famous-Barr
and fine stores everywhere

Eleanor Green, 755 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

I SEEMED IMMORTAL THEN

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

When winter came to Ottawa spring could be far behind, indeed, for winter did not come like a reluctant suitor—it came possessively, firmly, and determined to stay.

It slapped the city suddenly with a shocking, icy hand and then gripped the throat so that the breath could hardly come. It raged and roared and challenged.

Adults began longing wistfully for the far-off spring but I settled down to enjoy the white, crisp joy of the wintry season. That, indeed, is why I write this small tribute, because while others in lonely moments or in the mild resentment at ageing may look back at hopeful springtimes and first loves or summer canoes and singing across the lake or even of gathering butternuts, with the girl you loved neglecting her work to gasp at the scarlet and golden leaves, I, instead, dream of black nights scarred with mountains of snow on either side of the road and of stars sparkling like a shower of crystal.

And, while there were, surely, certain joys of youthful love and boyish companionship, I do not engage in reverie with accompaniment. Always, when I go gliding back in spirit, it is alone I fancy myself; alone in a world so crisp, with air so clear, and stars so bright that it seemed to me then it would hardly support another human being for fear it shatter like a perfect dream.

Is this the way men recall a flight a dozen miles above the earth or a climb to the highest mountain peak, alone in an impersonal universe and (how magnificently) not at all afraid?

I shall never know, of course, I who now hasten to push up the willing thermostat when the outdoor temperature touches sixty or so. I, who curse the first flakes of New England's lazy snow and regard the frozen, unraked leaves as I might the body of a friend just died, I shall never know how the fearless content themselves and with what glories the lone, brave ones nourish themselves.

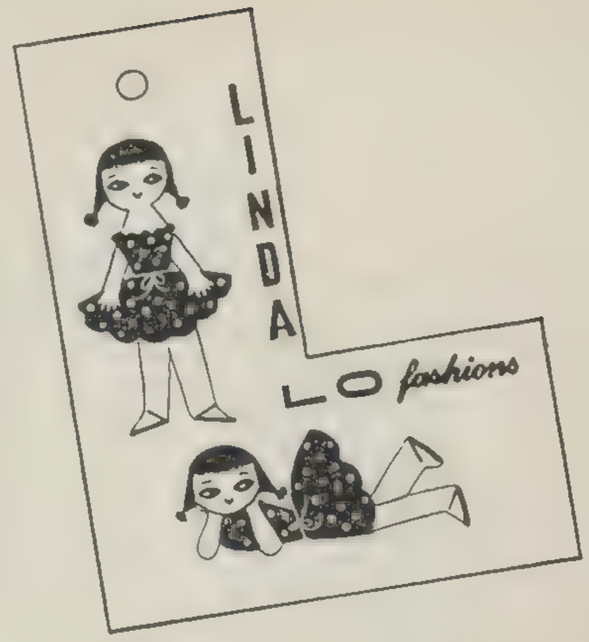
Nor shall I know why I was made perfectly happy, a small lone figure in a quiet world of snow and ice, those many years ago.

I only know I welcomed the winter as a good friend and not because the hot air registers would belch caresses while I stood over them in the frost of the morning dressing in my long underwear; nor because the kitchen would steam with pickles being made and mince pies being baked nor, even, because winter meant Christmas and a glittering tree and gifts as sweet and lovely and numerous as snowflakes.

These were all embroidery. They did not represent the soul of winter in Ottawa; they did not represent the heart.

Winter to me was some-

(Continued on page 26)



The LINDA LO dress on the opposite page is available at these fine stores

Altoona, Pa.....Bon Ton Department Store
Amarillo, Texas.....White & Kirk
Bakersfield, Calif.....Malcolm Brock Co.
Baltimore, Md.....The Hecht Co.
Beverly Hills, Calif. and branches
Haggarty's
Charleston, S. C.... Jas. F. Condon & Sons
Cincinnati, O.....H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, O..... Higbee Co.
Columbus, S. C.....Ladd & Lassie
Dallas, Texas.....Sanger's
Dayton, O.....Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver, Colo.....Denver Dry Goods Co.
Evansville, Ind.....De Jong's
Fort Worth, Texas..Fair Department Store
Fresno, Calif.....Connor's
Glendale, Calif.....H. S. Webb & Co.
Greenville, S. C.....Meyers-Arnold Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Bowman Department Store, Inc.
Jackson, Mich.....Jacobson's
Knoxville, Tenn..... Rich's
Lafayette, Ind.....Loeb's
La Grange Park, Ill.
Charles A. Stevens Co.
Levittown, Pa.....Pomeroy's
Louisville, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Madison, Wisc..Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Miami, Fla.....Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc...Milwaukee Boston Store
Nashville, Tenn.....Cain-Sloan Co.
New York, N. Y...Arnold Constable & Co.
Norristown, Pa.....Fliegelman's
Pasadena, Calif.....F. C. Nash & Co.
Riverside, Calif.....Malcolm Brock Co.
St. Louis, Mo. and branches
Famous-Barr Co.
St. Louis, Mo.....Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
San Antonio, Texas.....Robinson's
San Francisco, Calif.....Joseph Magnin
Scranton, Pa.....The Globe Store
Seattle, Wash.....Frederick & Nelson
Spokane, Wash...Spokane Dry Goods Co.
Trenton, N. J.....S. P. Dunham & Co.
Tulsa, Okla.....The Froug Co., Inc.
Upper Darby and Ardmore, Pa.
Helen Caro
Washington, D. C.....The Hecht Co.
Wilmington, Del.....Kennard's
York, Pa.....Wiest's
Youngstown, O.....Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

Melbourne, AUSTRALIA..George's, Ltd.
Montreal, Que., CANADA and branches
T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
St. John's, Newfoundland, CANADA
Bowring Bros.
Toronto, Ont., CANADA and branches
Robert Simpson Co.

LINDA LO by Hymar, Inc.
1350 Broadway, New York, New York

My dear, no matter how many spring frolics-
my organdy stays divinely fresh
it's DACRON® and cotton
POLYESTER FIBER



Linda Lo's little Alice blue "gown", posh and non-squashable because it's organdy of *65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% cotton.* It washes easily, drip-dries quickly. Wants almost nothing in the way of ironing. Sizes 3-6x in pink or blue. About $9. Sizes 7-14 in maize. About $11. At: Franklin Simon, New York; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; The Fair, Chicago; The Broadway, Southern California; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. For additional stores see column on opposite page.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Enjoy "THE DU PONT SHOW WITH JUNE ALLYSON", Monday Nights, CBS-TV.
*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or fashion shown here.

Shoes of Du Pont Nylon Velvet



From Palm Springs to the Peloponessus . . . in fact, everywhere you find women of classic beauty you will find Lastex. For, all over the world, this most famous of all elastic yarns is at work creating the masterpieces of light and lovely corsetry that are so important to every phase of fashion.

Textile Division

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

DESIGN COPYRIGHT

Valencia

. . . a pliant springtime vine of young golden textured leaves, engraved by hand, and budding with iridescent crystal, rose or peridot stones. Or, perhaps, ice blues against rhodium. Necklace, bracelet, earrings, pin. From $3 to $7.50 plus tax, at fine stores everywhere – or write – Kramer Jewelry, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York for store nearest you.

The Diamond Look by **KRAMER**

New York, Los Angeles, Dallas, Paris



that's the word for the sweep of Romance of the Sea, a handsome pattern in fine Wallace Sterling. Shown above: cocktail or oyster fork, $6.50. Six-piece place-setting in heavy sterling, $49.50. At the finest jewelry and department stores. All prices include Federal Tax.

WALLACE
SILVERSMITHS
... at Wallingford, Conn. since 1835

I SEEMED IMMORTAL THEN

(Continued from page 22)

thing else again. It was the great fall of snow, very early in the season, that remained, laughing at the feeble attempts of a great city to remove it. The snow fell and it fell again and it kept on falling with an insistence that would have been appalling had I not found it admirable.

"Oh, dear," my mother would say, "and it still snows! Put on your boots, put on your toque. Oh, it will never stop."

It did stop, though, eventually and for a little while. Then weary motorists put skis, of a sort, under the wheels of their automobiles, and sleighs replaced trucks. Great bristly rotary brooms appeared on the front of the huge trolley cars and those brooms groaned as they whisked the snow off the tracks to some small extent. Sets of iron claws drawn by restless horses were dragged along the snow-packed sidewalks to make corduroy of the hard, snow-ice surface and to irritate boys who liked to skate along the sidewalk all the way to school.

Enormous icicles formed and were broken off to be used as daggers and spears and lances. Enormous castles of snow and ice were built along the sidewalks where the plows had pushed up the snow three feet, and four feet, and, soon six feet high; castles with entrances and tunnels and turrets and even gargoyles.

And every day, for me, it was adventure. One day it was the forced march to school, two miles or so up Rideau and over the Laurier Avenue Bridge, the white slashing at me from all sides, the snow blowing up against the small amount of my face unprotected by my woollen toque, my head bowed so as to cut a path through the frigid air and my fingers curled inside my mittens.

Or it would be a day when caps and toques were useless and the whole world of school was filled with boys with swollen ears painted with some yellow medicine and we chuckled even though our ears stung unmercifully, believing for a while that we were a new race on this earth.

Possibly it was a clear day when, in the evening, filled with hot roast pork and pie, I would grab my hockey stick and skates and my mother would say, "You're not going out in *this* cold. It must be twenty below!"

She knew very well I was going out, with her permission, of course. She knew I was eager to go out and face the cold and the purple-black sky and the frozen mounds of snow. For on a bright, moonlit night there was skating on the broad expanse of the river. Bonfires every little way looked like the campfires of the armies of another day. Dark flickered about like enormous birds, and there was the smell of something cooking over the blazing wood and charcoal somewhere.

Perhaps the frozen river did not go on to eternity but it seemed that way in those days. Certainly it went on and on and on and one could skate for miles and never find the end. One could skate with laughing groups of boys and those mysterious creatures, girls. Or one could skate alone and turn a bend and be completely isolated skimming the surface of the universe en route to infinity.

When I returned home, scarlet-cheeked, puffing from exertion and the rare air, I would drink hot breakfast tea and eat a mound of homemade cookies and then, in flannel pyjamas, I would roll into bed, utterly happy.

Nothing vexed me after a night in the ice and snow, under the dark sky of the winter. The cautioning of parents as to not catching cold and not getting my death of pneumonia was barely heard and not at all understood. Die? Me? How fanciful! I seemed as immortal as the winter seemed. We were both immortal then.

No, nothing troubled me: not tomorrow's dull lessons in school, nor the enmity of the boy who lived next door, nor the complications of love, nor the future, nor the past.

My sleep was deep and clear and untroubled and when I murmured my prayers (not bothering to kneel, but rather, saying them curled up under the comfortable), I knew (I now believe), to Whom I was praying. I understood the vastness and the brilliance of Him. I knew it, or, at any rate, I felt it, because I was praying to the endless miles of ice on which I had the privilege of gliding, if I chose, for an eternity, the twinkling crystals of angels hovering over me forever protecting.

At New Orleans parties

Patties, pâté, grits, and four other good recipes

Here, seven recipes served at parties around New Orleans, where cooking is as much a part of the civic consciousness as the Mississippi River. The consommé idea comes from Mrs. Charles Seyburn Williams, and the *pâté* from Mrs. Donald Maginnis. (She moulds it the day before a party; follows it with curried chicken breasts and a ring of buttered rice.) The *filet de bœuf* and *œufs Mirabeau* might be on the dinner menu—for American guests—at the house of Count and Countess Longer de la Guéronnière. (For friends from France, they are apt to have southern-fried chicken.)

Chez Vous, a hostess-help used by generations of New Orleanians, sometimes serves the oyster patties at début teas. The grillades and grits might be on the menu—along with scrambled eggs, mushrooms, and, among other delicacies, baked bananas—at a breakfast dance. (A New Orleans breakfast dance, often given after church or before a football game, starts about eleven, sometimes with absinthe frappés or a fizz, and goes on until two or three in the afternoon.)

CONSOMMÉ WITH OKRA
From Mrs. Charles Seyburn Williams

3 cans consommé
6 okra
Sherry

Empty three cans of any good consommé into saucepan and set aside. Into an equal quantity of water, cut 6 fresh okra. Let simmer until okra is done but not overcooked, about ½ hour. Combine okra with the consommé, bring to a boil, add sherry, and serve. Sometimes the sherry is passed for each guest to help himself. Serves six.

MOULDED PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS IN GELATINE
From Mrs. Donald Maginnis

6 cans chicken consommé, condensed
6 envelopes plain gelatine
6 cans *pâté de foie gras* with truffles
Water cress
French dressing
Truffles

Add 1 envelope of plain gelatine to each can of condensed chicken consommé. Fill ¼ of individual moulds with this mixture and set aside to firm. When firm, fill ½ of each mould with finest imported *pâté de foie gras* with truffles. Fill remaining ¼ of mould with mixture and place in icebox until just before serving. Turn each mould out individually on a bed of water cress that has been lightly tossed with French dressing. Garnish each with a slice of truffle. Serves twelve.

FILET DE BŒUF POIVRADE
From Countess Longer de la Guéronnière

Fillet of beef
Fat pork
1 cup red Burgundy
½ cup tarragon vinegar
1½ oz. Calvados
¼ oz. tarragon, dried
Thyme
Bay leaves, powdered
Nutmeg
Cloves, ground
1 onion, thinly sliced
½ cup carrots, chopped
½ cup onions, chopped
Bouquet garni
¼ cup olive oil
¼ cup tarragon vinegar
6 peppercorns

Trim and remove the connective tissue and skin from a whole fillet of beef. Lard it with narrow strips of fat pork. Put the larded roast in an earthenware dish and sprinkle with very little salt. Pour over the meat 1 cup red Burgundy, ½ cup tarragon vinegar, 1½ oz. Calvados, ¼ oz. dried tarragon, 1 generous dash each of thyme, powdered bay leaves, nutmeg, ground cloves and 1 thinly sliced onion. Cover with a cloth and marinate in the refrigerator for three days, turning the meat three or four times a day. Drain and dry the fillet, reserving the marinade for use in making the sauce, and roast it twenty minutes per pound in a 350° oven (for medium rare), basting frequently.

(Continued on page 37)

poetic!



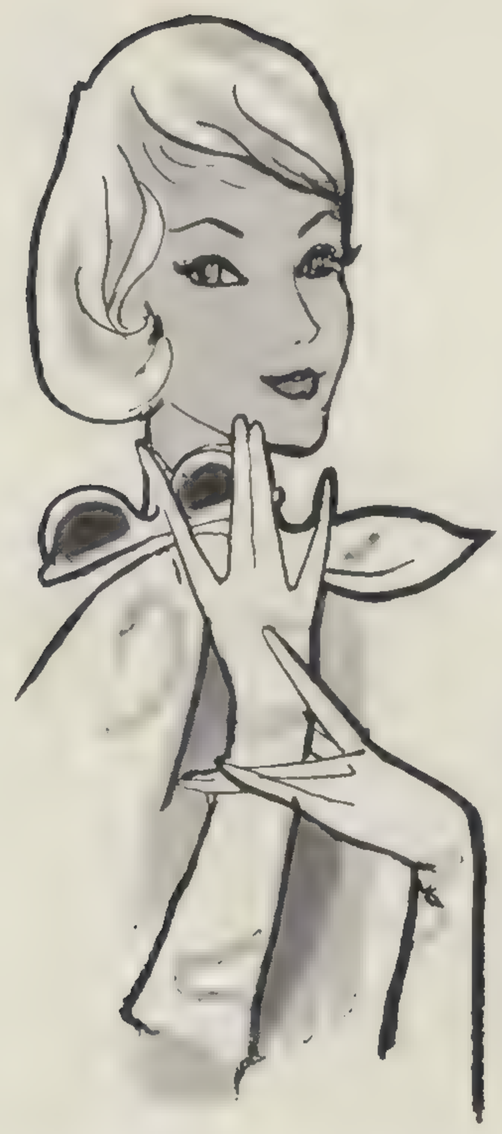
It's wonderful to own Wallace!

that's the word for the delicate look of Stradivari, a memorable pattern in Wallace Sterling. Shown above: pierced vegetable serving spoon, $14.75. Six-piece place-setting in heavy sterling, $37.50. At the finest jewelry and department stores. All prices include Federal Tax.

WALLACE
SILVERSMITHS
. . . at Wallingford, Conn. since 1835

Crescendoe's Caresse inaugurates a New Era in Gloves

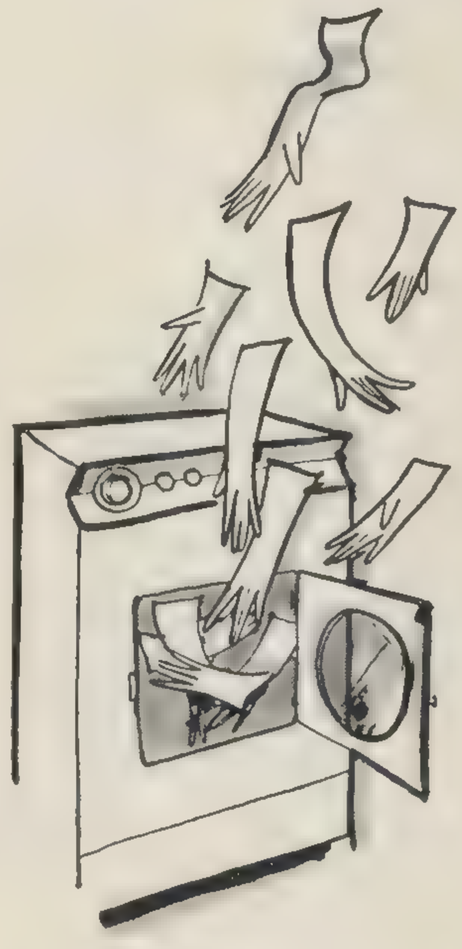
a new fit, a new feel, a new freedom... a fabulous new beauty for hands



Only America can make gloves like these. Shown on the opposite page, two hands made more beautiful in a new kind of glove from Crescendoe. These gloves, making their debut in many fine stores across the country this Spring of 1960, are made of a newly-created fabric called "Caresse."

Crescendoe's Caresse, is a totally different kind of glove fabric. We predict it is a trend that will affect all fine gloves during the next decade. Right now it is available only in Crescendoes.

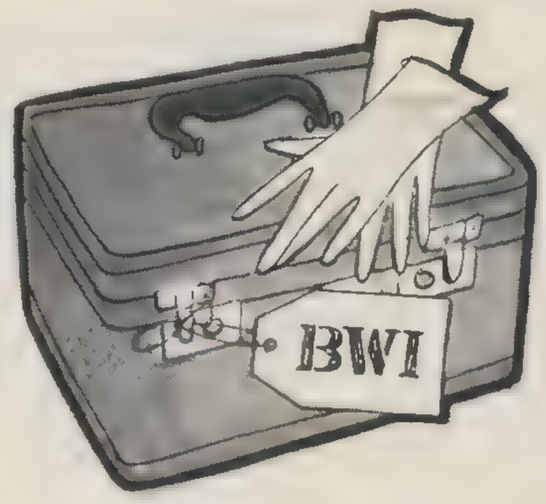
Crescendoe's Caresse has many special, endearing qualities. It has a most enchanting "feel" on the hand . . . a wonderful assurance of slimness and beauty. You'll find a special try-on device at most fine glove counters. (We heartily recommend that you try on these wonderful new gloves.)



Crescendoe's Caresse has the freedom that American women always look for. Its marvelous fit and feel dispense with any kind of bulkiness, gives you a bare hand freedom. On the less ethereal, but very important side, Caresse offers you freedom from the chores of "handle with care" washing. For Caresse, mind you, is completely at home in any kind of laundry! Into the washer, into the dryer, and out. No shrinking, no "pilling", no wrinkling, no "grey-ing" of colors. Smooth, sleek, perfect as new, time after time, after time.

Travellers tell us that Crescendoe's Caresse is *the* glove for the jet-age. To Europe, Africa, the Orient, here's the glove that is always ready for touring whether you've laundered it high over the Atlantic, or in a marble basin in Italy.

We predict: you'll love Crescendoe's Caresse. Two lengths, as shown, millions of colors. You will find these unique and wonderful gloves at fine stores near you or write Crescendoe Gloves, Johnstown, New York.



Fidelio 3.50
long and elegant

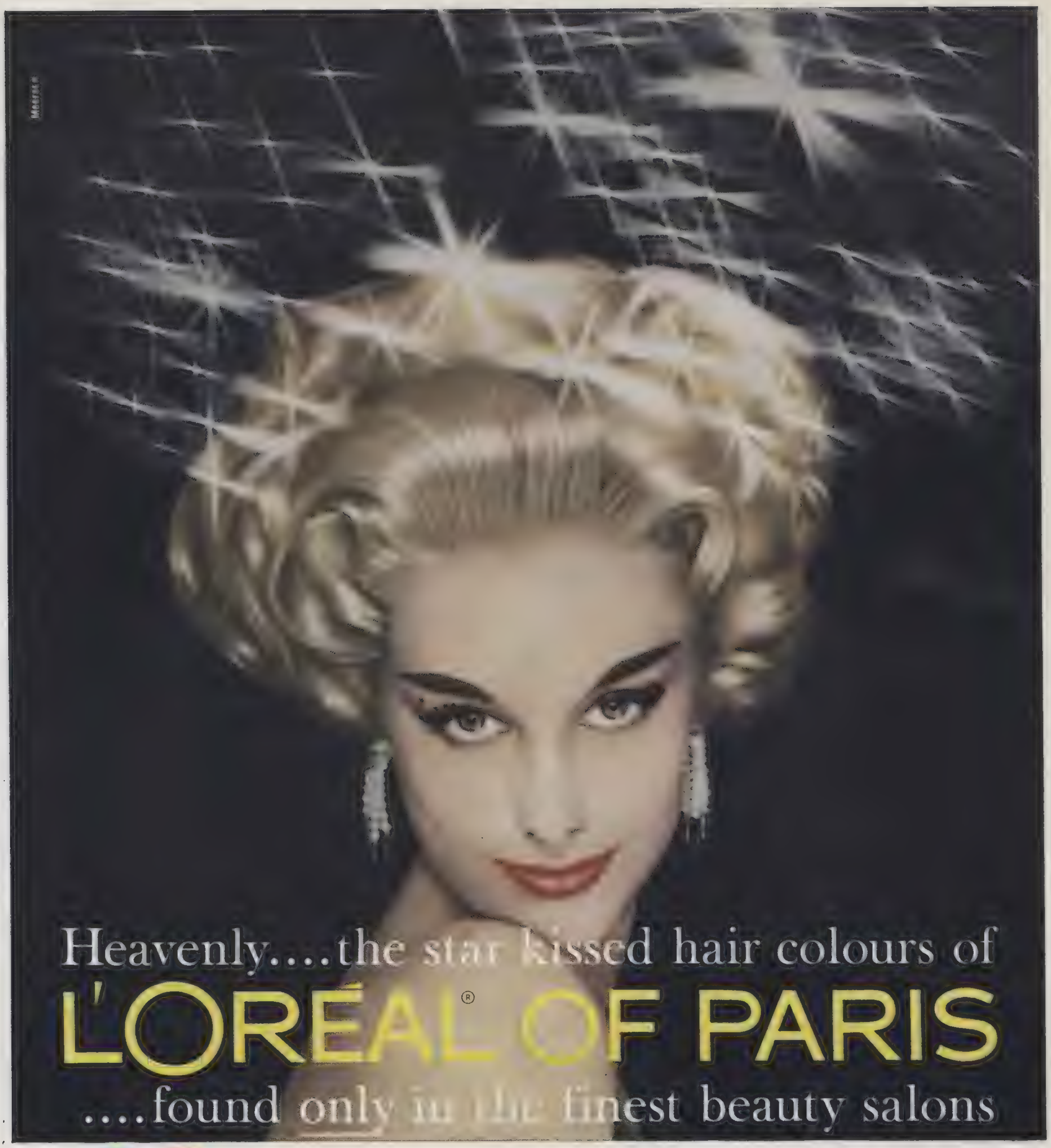
Poco 3.00
young and short

Crescendoe's *Caresse

SUDDENLY BEAUTIFUL THINGS HAPPEN TO YOUR HANDS

Amazing . . . Crescendoe's Caresse-fabric gloves . . . a new feel, a slimmer, more elegant look! And Caresse will never shrink, "pill" or lose shape. Try them on at your favorite fine store.

*REG. U. S. PAT.



CREATED IN FRANCE • NOW MADE IN U.S.A.

It's an internationally well-known secret that only L'Oreal of Paris colours the hair to heavenly perfection. Once you see the results you'll know why the smartest women in the world base their beauty on this name of fame. Just go to any fine salon ...and have their colourist show you how truly *you* a hair colour can be...always lustrous, glowing, long-lasting...always the youngest look alive. L'Oreal is your assurance of the ultimate in "haute coiffure." Want a radiant new pastel? A deep, darkling tint? A shade that is exclusively yours? Make it a change for the *best*...ask your beautician for L'Oreal!

MORE BEAUTICIANS IN MORE THAN 44 COUNTRIES USE MORE L'OREAL OF PARIS HAIR COLOURS THAN ALL OTHER PRODUCTS COMBINED.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA © 1959 COSMAIR INC., Clark, N. J.



Jerry Dress originals to keep you snowflake cool, crisp and poised all summer long. In misty-sheer Bemberg rayon Crepe Babette by Kimberly Fabrics, both pampered with imported Swiss lingerie trim. (Left) Geometric print in red, navy, or green. Sizes 14 to 44. (Right) Floral print in red, turquoise, navy, or black. Sizes 12½ to 24½. Each, about $55.00. Tailored Woman, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Rich's, Atlanta.

Bemberg®
ARISTOCRAT OF RAYON YARN

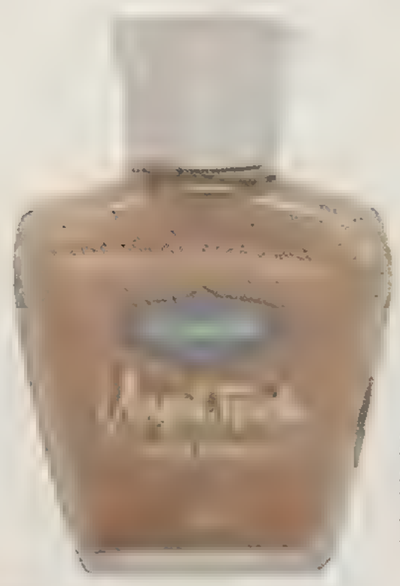
"BEMBERG" IS THE REGISTERED TRADE-MARK FOR AMERICAN BEMBERG CUPRAMMONIUM RAYON YARN.

For name of store nearest you write to: BEAUNIT MILLS, Inc., Fibers Division • Main Office: 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, 16, N.Y. • Plant: Elizabethton, Tennessee

Pond's Paris Look U.S.A.

So new, it's just through Customs—Pond's Paris Look . . . U.S.A.! It's utterly different from last season's pale-and-powdery make-up. Now Paris wears a complexion that's pure bisque—sheer, smooth, flawless as a child's. Lips turn new tints of rose and ruby. Eyes have a wide and wondering look, enlarged by lush lashes, enhanced by delicate coloring. And Pond's brings you *all* the indispensables for this entrancing look. (Prerequisite: a sheer, clear complexion, made that way by Pond's famed treatment creams.) Be the first beauty you know to wear the new Pond's Paris Look . . . U.S.A.!

HOW TO MAKE THE "PARIS LOOK" YOUR LOOK



ANGEL TOUCH LIQUID MAKE-UP

Smooth on lavishly, fingerstroke *well* into the skin for the delicate glow of pure porcelain.



ANGEL TOUCH FACE POWDER

Dust on with a soft puff, then brush lightly but thoroughly for a flawless finish.

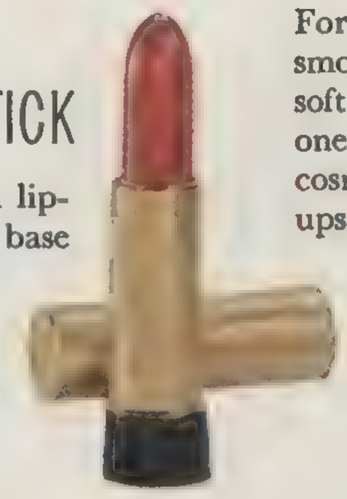


ANGEL FACE COMPACT MAKE-UP

For a deeper, more lasting, creamy-smooth finish, work well onto skin with a soft puff. Always carry Angel Face—the one powder and foundation in-one with cosmetic-silicones—for occasional touch-ups to keep the "Paris Look" all day.

POND'S HIGH LUSTRE LIPSTICK

Outline color carefully with lipstick brush and fill in, over a base of Angel Touch.



Eyes by Aziza—
specialists in beautiful eyes



Mother's little helper...Kodel, in dresses by Kate Greenaway. The liveliest polyester fiber yet, Kodel keeps kiddies looking as neat as if they'd sat with hands folded all day! And Kodel helps Mother snatch a bit of folded-hand time, too...by making this fine blend of Kodel and rayon so wonderfully wash-and-wearable...and so easy-careable!



Dresses in a Cohama fabric of **55% Kodel polyester, 45% rayon.** Blue and yellow. Sizes 3-6x, about $9.00; 7-12, about $11.00. At fine stores including **Best & Co.**, New York and branches; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Sanger's, Dallas; The Denver Dry Goods Company, Denver; May Co., Los Angeles. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or dresses shown here.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.



A froth of white all cotton organdy encircled with delicately embroidered ruffles, and sashed with green velvet.

Sizes 5 to 15, 59.95 • 6150 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 48, California

HART

RICHARD AVEDON

The worldly new look of

SCHAFFNER & MARX

...is a wise and knowing look. The look of the Sixties. Trim. Slender. Youthful. The jacket features more slimming lines and is slightly shorter to make you appear taller. Lapels have been narrowed, shoulders stripped of exaggeration. And the very sound of the Spring and Summer fabrics has a cool and whispering worldliness—Italian silks and cottons, superlative worsteds from the green hills of Britain, gossamer blends from the mills of America. All cool and crisp and comfortable. All handkerchief-light in weight, yet tailored with no loss of the painstaking skill that has always marked Hart Schaffner & Marx clothing. It is no coincidence that the famous HS&M label has been



sewn inside more suits than any other fine label in the world.

AT NEW ORLEANS PARTIES

(Continued from page 27)

Sauce Poivrade: Cook ½ cup chopped carrots, ½ cup chopped onions and a *bouquet garni* in ¼ cup olive oil, until the vegetables begin to take on colour, stirring frequently. Drain off the oil. Moisten the mixture with ¼ cup tarragon vinegar and the strained marinade from the fillet. Reduce the mixture over high flame to ⅔ its original volume, stirring constantly. Add 1½ cups brown sauce and simmer gently for 30 minutes. Add 6 crushed peppercorns, and simmer for 10 minutes longer. Strain through a very fine sieve, return to the fire, bring to a boil and add salt to taste. When ready to serve, stir in 1½ tablespoons butter.

Arrange the roasted fillet on a heated platter. Slice and reshape it, pour part of the Sauce Poivrade over the roast and serve the rest in a sauceboat. Serves six.

ŒUFS MIRABEAU, SAUCE MADÈRE
From Countess Longer de la Guéronnière

5 eggs
3 cups milk
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
Canned tomato paste
½ cup heavy cream
2 oz. Madeira
Salt
Pepper
½ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Break 5 whole eggs into a saucepan. Salt and pepper to taste and beat well. Slowly blend in 3 cups of milk. Pour eggs and milk mixture into a buttered ring mould. Place in a pan of water and cook in 350° oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Sauce: Melt 3 tablespoons of butter in a saucepan without letting it brown. Slowly add 2 tablespoons of flour, stirring until smooth, but again, do not let brown. Stir in enough canned tomato paste to get a good pink colour and thick consistency. Blend in ½ cup heavy cream and 2 oz. of Madeira. Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer on a hot very low fire for ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Add ½ teaspoon of paprika and ½ teaspoon of nutmeg.

Turn eggs out of mould onto round platter and pour sauce over them; serve at once. Serves six.

OYSTER PATTIES
From Chez Vous

1 quart oysters (save water, if needed later)
3 tablespoons shortening
½ cup flour (more if needed)
1 medium onion, chopped fine
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
Salt and pepper to taste
1 bunch shallots, chopped fine
1 small pod of garlic

Drain oysters in colander, removing all particles of shell, saving water. Brown flour in fat to make roux, then add chopped onions with bottom of shallots, and cook about ten minutes. Add garlic, parsley, top part of shallots, and oysters. Cook until desired thick mass; if too thick add oyster water. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fills 12 large pattie shells.

GRILLADES
From Chez Vous

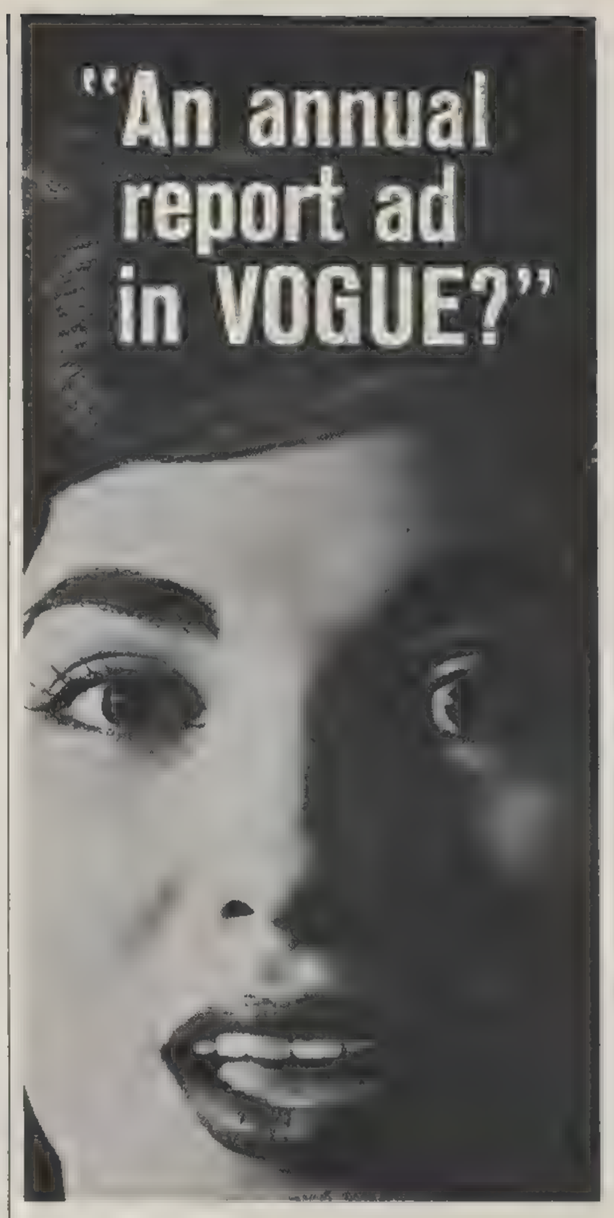
4 pounds beef round, cut in pieces
About 3 tablespoons shortening
About 1½ cups plain flour
2 medium size onions, chopped fine
1 bunch shallots, chopped fine
2 small cans of tomatoes
1 sprig of thyme
1 small bay leaf
1 small pod of garlic, chopped fine
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
Salt and pepper to taste

Season meat with salt and pepper, dip in flour and fry in shortening on both sides until brown. Remove from fat. Add the chopped onion with the bottom part of the shallots and fry until onions are limp. Add the tomatoes that have been drained and put through sieve, or chopped fine, saving water for later. Cook about 20 minutes, then add tomato water, thyme, bay leaf, garlic, parsley, and shallot tops. Add more water, if necessary for more gravy. Cook in covered heavy aluminum or iron pot until tender. Serves eight.

BAKED GRITS
From Chez Vous

1 cup quick grits—cook as directed, but remove from stove after 15 minutes
Add ¼ pound butter
3 oz. milk
3 eggs (beat and add one at a time)
½ lb. sharp cheese cut in small pieces

Bake in greased casserole for 1 hour at 400°. Serves six.



"Yes . . . but what a report! Here's a utility that knows how to talk to women."



The Dayton Power and Light Company reports to its owners (more than half of whom are women) in a magazine style that *you* will enjoy reading. It's a story of serving a million people in prosperous West-Central Ohio with electricity and natural gas. Send for your free copy.

THE DAYTON POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO
Please send me a free copy of your 1959 Annual Report . . .

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

V

La Marquise

TOMORROW'S
NEW LOOK OF
ELEGANCE IN TODAY'S
MOST
DISTINGUISHED WATCH



La Marquise
Models from . . $89.50 ftl
As illustrated: 14K gold,
6 flawless diamonds . . . $165.00 ftl
Other Girard Perregaux Watches
from $50.00

GIRARD PERREGAUX

FINE WATCHES SINCE 1791

For free illustrated historical booklet, write GP, Dept. 45, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

BASKETS SKETCHED IN STRAW



. . . imported
originals from
our 'round-the-world
collection of
champagne straws.

Marcus Brothers

2500 N.W. FIFTH AVENUE, MIAMI, FLA.

Acid test of a wardrobe's workability:

How does it travel?

For a look at one woman's travel-perfected clothes-plan, see Vogue's April 1 issue...



This SMOOTHIE girdle of
DuPont's nylon and "LYCRA"®
is available at
these fine stores:

Atlanta: Davison's, Rich's
Baltimore: Hochschild-Kohn
Birmingham: Pizitz
Billings: Hart-Albin
Bridgeport: Howland's
Brooklyn: Abraham & Straus
Buffalo: Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Wm. Hengerer Co.
Cedar Rapids: Craemer's
Chattanooga: Loveman's
Charlotte: Belk Bros.
Cincinnati: Shillito's
Cleveland: The May Co., Higbee Co.
Halle Bros. Co., Solomon's
Dallas: Sanger's
Davenport: M. L. Parker Co.
Dayton: Rike-Kumler Co., Bonita Conn
Forest Hills: Corsetorium — All Stores
Hartford: Sage Allen
Jacksonville: Furchgott's
Kingston Pa: Bergman's
Long Beach & Santa Ana: Buffum's
Los Angeles: Bullock's Downtown
Louisville & Lexington: Stewart's
Miami: Burdine's, The Hub
Nashville: Castner-Knott, Cain Sloan
New Britain: Raphael's
New Haven: Malley's
New York: Franklin-Simon, Blackton's
Newark: Hahne & Co.
Newport News: Nachman's
Norfolk: Ames & Brownley
Oakland: Capwell's
Philadelphia: Strawbridge & Clothier
Snellenburg's
Pittsburg: Joseph Horne, Dorie Isack
Portland, Maine: Owen-Moore
Portland, Oregon: Meier & Frank,
Olds & King, Shaw's
Providence: Cherry & Webb, Peerless
Richmond: Miller & Rhoads
Rochester: McCurdy's, Edwards
San Francisco: Livingston Bros.
Shreveport: Palais Royal
Sioux Falls: Shriver's
South Bend: Robertson's
St. Joseph: Townsend & Wall
Syracuse: Chappell's, Edwards
Troy: Peerless
Wilkes-Barre: Pomeroy's
Wilmington: Kennard's
York: P. Wiests
Youngstown & Warren: Strouss-Hirshberg

Fiber Content: PANELS—Nylon,
exclusive of decoration.
ELASTIC—Nylon "Lyrca" Spandex.
®"LYRCA" is DuPont's trademark
for its Spandex

The STROUSE, ADLER Company
New Haven 7, Connecticut

THERE'S POWERFUL NEWS IN FOUNDATIONS CONTROLLED BY

Lycra®

SPANDEX FIBER

DU PONT'S NEW FIBER WITH ELASTIC PROPERTIES



These foundations by SMOOTHIE give you all the news!

New lightness! "Lycra"* spandex fiber is a completely new fiber from Du Pont with remarkable elastic qualities. Makes girdles and bras softer, lighter, sheerer—brings you a new world of comfort and freedom.

New power! "Lycra" is stronger, more durable than conventional elastic yarn. Its inner strength and stamina make possible girdles up to one-third lighter, yet with the same molding, holding power.

New life span! All the old girdle saboteurs—heat, detergents, body oils, perspiration—are no problem with "Lycra".

New performance! "Lycra" can stand up to wearing every day, washing every night—longer and better!

Discover "Lycra" today in girdles and bras like these smoother-outers. Bra, sizes 32-40, B and C. $5.95. Girdle, sizes 26-36. $20. Both in white. Girdle at Marshall Field & Co.; Dayton's; A. Harris & Co., Downtown & Oak Cliff; B. Altman & Co.; The Emporium. Bra at Shillito's; Lovemans, Chattanooga; The May Co., Cleveland; Ames & Brownley; Joseph Horne Co.

Foundations shown: **Du Pont nylon "Lycra" spandex fiber**

Girdle panel: **Du Pont nylon**

DU PONT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

*"LYCRA" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS SPANDEX FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR FOUNDATIONS SHOWN HERE.



Created and made by The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Five-piece place setting, $36.75, Inc. Fed. tax

Of all the solid silver patterns created in the famous Scandinavian tradition, Royal Danish has won more hearts than any other. Start your own family tradition. Give your family precious sterling. Share with them the life-long pride that only solid silver brings. Visit your jeweler or department store, today. Only International offers you substantial savings on services for 4, 8 or 12 people.

INTERNATIONAL STERLING...*loveliest, by design*



she's irresistible!

in Hanes

seamless stockings

GAY
FLORALS

What is it about Monte Carlo?

BY LORD KILBRACKEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lord Kilbracken, a lank, laughing Irishman who stands as though his coat was still draped from a hanger, writes, lectures, and roves the world as a reporter to support the aging and needy estate he farms in Ireland. Now in this country, he is lecturing off his experiences including some escapades during a visit to Russia, the subject of his latest book,* Moscow Gatecrash; *part of it was first published in Vogue. Here, his fifth article for Vogue.*

I've just got back home from an off-season visit to Rainier's Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, Monte Carlo. I wish I could explain to myself how this cream-and-green anachronism, an untouched relic of the Victorian era, manages to exert such a fascination over me, off season or on.

I detest the place. Yet every year for thirteen years, for some reason or other, I have spent at least a night there. I have twice hitchhiked from Paris and back again; I have stretched out in the corridor, the only available space, of a stifling second-class carriage; I have graduated (about 1955) to the semi-luxury and very-semi-privacy of a *couchette*; I have taken, thanks to Lord Beaverbrook, the Constellation to Nice and have Viscounted back; and this time, courtesy of the British Broadcasting Corporation, I achieved the Train Bleu and was almost shaken to bits by it. (I should guess that my *wagon-lit* was constructed *circa* 1911.)

I have stayed at the studenty, trippery Hotel de la Poste, the cheapest in the town, where everyone is living (for three or four days) on the infallible system they learned from Aunt Edna; and at the Cecil, which is marvellously *bourgeois*, though the *patron*, I admit, has an excessively attractive daughter; or, if I'm on an expense account, at that palatial wedding-cake, the Hotel de Paris, within a dice-throw of the Casino, my archenemy. Each time I swear I will never go back. I always do.

Why do I detest Monte Carlo? Item: It is full of old people. Most of them always seem to be English: dyeing, dying widows, antique retired colonels, disintegrating dowagers in their amazing hats and paste necklaces. To watch them at the tables with their systems is a wonderful object lesson in how to make a thousand francs last a whole evening. They achieve this by staking the minimum, two hundred francs, on an even chance—once every half-hour.

The golden girls with their long brown legs are in Antibes and in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat and even in Hyères.

Item: There is not a single restaurant with any real atmosphere or, indeed, many pretensions to good cooking. They are all like restaurants in Switzerland: clean

(Continued on page 48)

© LORD KILBRACKEN, 1960



"SPRAY"
Bath Powders
and Colognes



LA ROSE
MUGUET
LILAS BLANC

Spray Cologne 2.00
Spray Bath Powder 3.00

by Parfums
F. MILLOT
CREATORS OF CRÊPE DE CHINE

MAJESTIC'S Color-Cued Convertibles

as shown on opposite page—
are available at these fine stores:

ALABAMA
Birmingham, LOVEMAN'S — Mobile, GAYFER'S

ARKANSAS—Little Rock, PFEIFFER'S

CALIFORNIA
El Cerrito, Hayward, Oakland, Walnut Creek, H. C. CAPWELL
Los Angeles (and branches), THE MAY CO.
San Francisco, STONESTOWN
Stanford, Stevens Creek, THE EMPORIUM
San Diego, MARSTON CO.

COLORADO—Denver, DENVER DRY GOODS

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport, D. M. READ — Hartford, G. FOX
New Haven, MALLEY'S

D. C.—Washington, WOODWARD & LOTHROP

FLORIDA
Daytona Beach, CAROL'S — Jacksonville, COHEN'S
Miami (and branches), BURDINE'S — Pensacola, GAYFER'S
St. Petersburg, Sarasota, Tampa, MAAS BROS.

GEORGIA
Atlanta, RICH'S — Savannah, LAURETTE'S
Valdosta, C. C. VARNADOE'S

ILLINOIS
Chicago, CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT — Elgin, ACKEMANN'S
E. St. Louis, STANLEY'S — Peoria, BERGNER'S

INDIANA
Evansville, DE JONG'S — Fort Wayne, WOLF & DESSAUER
Indianapolis, WM. H. BLOCK — South Bend, ROBERTSON'S
Terre Haute, ROOT DRY GOODS

IOWA
Davenport, SIMON & LANDAUER
Des Moines, YOUNKER'S

KANSAS—Prairie Village, JONES PRAIRIE VILLAGE

KENTUCKY—Louisville, STEWART DRY GOODS

LOUISIANA—New Orleans, D. H. HOLMES

MAINE—Portland, BERNIE'S FASHIONS

MARYLAND—Baltimore, HOCHSCHILD-KOHN

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, JORDAN MARSH
Springfield, FORBES & WALLACE
Worcester, DENHOLM & McKAY

MICHIGAN
Detroit, J. L. HUDSON CO. — Flint, THE VOGUE
Grand Rapids, HERPOLSHEIMER'S
Saginaw, WIECHMANN'S

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis, DAYTON'S — St. Paul, THE EMPORIUM

MISSOURI
Kansas City, JONES STORE
St. Louis, STIX, BAER & FULLER
Springfield, HEER'S

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Manchester, SYDNEY'S

NEW JERSEY
Elizabeth, LEVY BROS. — Newark, BAMBERGER'S
Plainfield, TEPPER'S

NEW YORK
Albany, WHITNEY'S DEPT. STORE
Buffalo, ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON
New York City, LORD & TAYLOR (all stores)
Rochester, SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR
Syracuse, DEY BROS.

NORTH CAROLINA—Greensboro, MEYER'S

NORTH DAKOTA—Fargo, DE LENDRECIE'S

OHIO
Akron, M. O'NEIL CO. — Canton, THE PARISIAN
Cincinnati, MABLEY & CAREW
Columbus, F & R LAZARUS
Dayton, RIKE-KUMLER — Toledo, LAMSON BROS.
Warren, Youngstown, STROUSS-HIRSCHBERG

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City, KERR'S — Tulsa, VANDEVER'S

OREGON—Portland, MEIER & FRANK

PENNSYLVANIA
Harrisburg, WORTH'S — Lancaster, LOGAN'S
Pittsburgh, KAUFMANN'S
Philadelphia, JOHN WANAMAKER
Scranton, CLELAND SIMPSON — Uniontown, METZLER'S
Washington, LANG'S — Wilkes-Barre, POMEROY'S
York, JACK'S

RHODE ISLAND—Providence, GLADDING'S

SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia, KOHN & CO.

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga, MILLER BROS. — Knoxville, MILLER BROS.
Memphis, GOLDSMITH'S — Nashville, HARVEY'S

TEXAS
Dallas, TITCHE-GOETTINGER — Houston, FOLEY'S
San Antonio, JOSKE'S

VERMONT—Burlington, MAYFAIR MILLINERY

VIRGINIA
Arlington, CASUAL CORNERS — Norfolk, RICE'S
Richmond, MILLER & RHOADS

WASHINGTON
Seattle, Bellevue, FREDERICK & NELSON

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston, STONE & THOMAS — Clarksburg, BROIDA'S
Fairmont, JONES STORE — Parkersburg, DILS BROS.

WISCONSIN
La Crosse, E. R. BARRON CO. — Milwaukee, GIMBEL'S

MAJESTIC

color-cued convertibles
stay crisp, neat, nifty
because there's

DACRON®
POLYESTER FIBER

in the blend



MATCHING PLAY SHOES BY SAPPHIRE CORP. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY DAWNELLE. MR. JOHN HAT.

How will you take your colors? In stripes, in solids, or big, bold blocks! Take them *all* and mix them like mad! They're done in broadcloth of 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% rayon . . . and poplin of 65% "Dacron" polyester fiber and 35% cotton. So pleats stay perfect, outlook stays fresh, light, blissfully washable. And just the flick of an iron makes them ready to go all over again. Wonderful "Dacron"! Left: broadcloth shirt, about $7; pleated skirt, about $12; both 8-18. Center: poplin pullover, 8-16; shorts, 8-18; each about $8. Right: poplin jacket, 10-18; skirt, 8-18; each about $12. Broadcloth shirt with Bermuda collar, 8-18, about $6. All in Wedgwood, nugget, willow, mocha. Available at Rich's, Atlanta; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Lord & Taylor, New York & all branches; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. Also at stores on opposite page.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR FASHIONS SHOWN HERE.

Enjoy "The Du Pont Show With June Allyson", Monday Nights—10:30 E.S.T.—CBS-TV

FRESHEST COTTONS GOING - AVONDALE



A dress that's bright as a butterfly • with a whirling, dancing skirt • a dress a princess would wear. Made by CINDERELLA, each carries the Avondale tag, assurance that it's made of AVONDALE cotton—wrinkle-resistant, easy to wash, little or no ironing. Yellow or blue plaids. Sizes 3 to 6X, about $5; 7 to 14, about $6. Slightly higher in the West. At Arnold Constable, N.Y.C., branches; Gladdings, Providence, R. I., Garden City, L. I.; Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh; Himelhoch Bros., Detroit; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis.

Avondale Mills, Sylacauga, Alabama

Guaranteed 100% selected American cotton

AVONDALE PERMA-PRESSED® COTTONS



A NEW MOVEMENT AFOOT... a new swiftness to fashion design. Starting at pavement level, in shoes by Enzel of Paris, stepping up entire costumes, complete wardrobes! Innocent bystanders couldn't possibly understand; but *you* will, the instant you put one on. This wheat-toned opera, perhaps. Who's to say, with so many styles to choose from? 10.99 and 12.99. Exclusively at Kinney's

Enzel OF PARIS

Frosted Roses introduce
an exquisite new species of
nylon lace rose... such
delicacy and depth of texture
each one blooms as a
flawless fashion beauty in
mauve pink, golden haze,
eggshell or blue mist...
white or black, as well!

Frosted Roses for a Color-scheming Woman!



NEWEST MATCH MAKERS IN Munsingwear®



Come scheme with us! We've made it so marvelously simple to wear color next to your skin with absolute success... by creating colors specially planned to flatter every woman's personal skin-tone, completely coordinate her wardrobe of intimate apparel, and compliment her outerwear colors... all at the same time!

Start color-scheming with your favorite Frosted Roses hue in Munsingwear's nylon tricot slip, trimmed and appliqued with its new lace elegance; short-regular-tall, 32-38, 8.95. Matching petticoat, s-m-l, 5.95. Hollywood Vassarette Frosted Roses nylon strapless, wide-neckline bra, 5.95; Curvette® nylon contour bra, 5.00. Each A 32-36; B, C 32-38. Matching powernet hi-waist girdle or long-leg pantie girdle with Frosted Roses panel, s-m-l, 10.95.

MUNSINGWEAR®, INC.—WOMEN'S AND GIRLS' LINGERIE, SLEEPSTYLES, SPORTSWEAR / WOMEN'S HOSIERY / 261 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE® BRAS, GIRDLES
A DIVISION OF MUNSINGWEAR / HOLLYWOOD 28

LINGERIE, Hollywood Vassarette® BRAS AND GIRDLES

NOW!

Eye make-up as easy to apply as lipstick

(and just as important)

Coty Duo-Matic

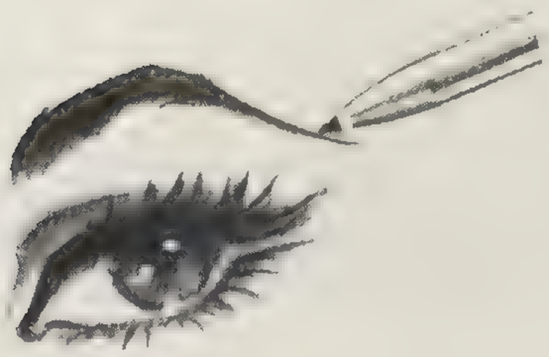
mascara and eye-crayon combination!



It's Mascara!

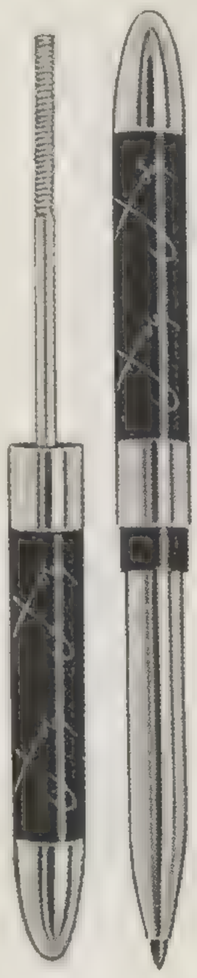


It's Eye Liner!



It's Eyebrow Pencil!

(sharpener, too)



Only Coty has this exclusive, *refillable*, pencil-slim case, with mascara, eyebrow-eye crayon, and sharpener—all in one! Automatic mascara is waterproof, smearproof, has no unpleasant odor. Eye crayon is soft and gentle, perfect for lining eyes, filling in brows.

Complete Duo-Matic $2.50,
Mascara Refill $1.25,
Eye Crayon Refills 50¢
ALL PLUS TAX.

© COTY, INC., 1960—ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

WHAT IS IT ABOUT MONTE CARLO?

(Continued from page 42)

and nothing else. If you cross the bougainvillaea border into garrulous, garlicky France—to happy little Villefranche which is the centre of the smuggling trade, or Menton, or Nice—you will find, as always, numberless busy *bistros* full of *bouillabaisse*, ordinary wine, cigarette smoke, and talk. Not in Monte Carlo, where you get *côte-de-veau*, silence, and a clean tablecloth. (There is one restaurant where the *patron* puts on his own special act: he impersonates Chevalier by donning a straw hat, sticking out his chin, and singing "*Mon Homme*." This is so embarrassingly ludicrous that it is very nearly funny.)

I sometimes think this is all a conspiracy to compel you into the Casino to eat excellent steaks at a thousand francs a time in the Bar du Cercle Privé, and lose your money afterwards.

Item: The Casino itself is the dullest I know, a phrase which covers Cannes, Nice, Juan-les-Pins, Aix-en-Provence, Salzburg, Enghien-les-Bains, Venice, Kitzbühel (the best of them all) and A——B——'s chemmy parties in Kensington, S.W. There is a craps table—but that is sometimes a dubious advantage, though from it emanates, during the four short hours it operates each day, almost all the life and excitement generated in the building. Do you know the Italian for "Baby wants new shoes"? It is "*scarpette nuove*." Can you translate into French "snake eyes" and "two flowers"? Answer: "*deux as*" and "*un bouquet de fleurs*."

There is very little spectacular gambling and very few spectacular—or even glamorous—gamblers. This time, with mild amazement, I watched a tired Italian girl lose sixteen million francs in an evening, plonking down either a million-franc chip (which is nearly a foot long) or a two-million-franc chip (which is the same, only green) at each *trente-et-quarante* deal. I was thinking: I could live on one of those chips for a year . . . well, say six months. . . . But she was utterly blasé about it, the croupiers remained unmoved, and the clients were far too busy with their sixpenny systems to pay her the smallest attention.

Item: There's hardly any night life. By 11 o'clock, everyone's in bed or the Casino. Apart from the Tip-Top, which is a kind of all-night café, there is a solitary night club—the Knickerbocker. When I was there in the summer, there were more strip-teasers (five) than clients (four), but that's *all* there was, except a three-piece band and drinks at a thousand francs. This time there were *no* strip-teasers; only an American nuclear physicist, who spoke no French, with a girl who spoke no English, and canned music, and a rather pretty barmaid, and me, and drinks at eight hundred francs. It was, as they so truthfully informed me, the dead season. I left.

Item: Cannes has its mile-long crescent of fine yellow sand. Monte has none; you hobble painfully into the ocean. And if you find it necessary, or desirable, to sleep the night on the beach, as I have done, you will find it is full of rats—big ones.

And yet. . . . And yet. . . . Somehow, living on past glories, like Balliol and the Abbey Theatre, Monte Carlo remains a name. You could break the bank every bit as well at Nice or Juan-les-Pins, but it wouldn't be the same as in Monte's rococo halls. The sea undeniably is blue, the mountains fall majestically into it, the semi-circular harbour is absurdly picturesque. Rainier and Grace are somewhere up there in the palace, there's that amazing Italian girl who was so responsive last night in the Tip-Top, and tomorrow—no, this evening—you'll win a million at the Casino. No, *two* million. And so it goes on.

It was my thirteenth visit and it had been Friday the thirteenth when I caught my Train Bleu in Paris. The omens were wrong from the start, and my luck was consequently out; I lost every night. "Never again," I thought as I left, as usual. "Next time it'll be Beaulieu or Èze or Roquebrune." So I thought then. Yet now, from the grey mists of Ireland, everything seems different; already I find myself looking forward, inexplicably, contradictorily, to my fourteenth dose.



The Minx Modes DRESS on the opposite page

. . . firmly establishes the new fashion power of the dress-with-jacket costume, whirl-skirted. Sharply checked in fine-behavior blend of Arnel triacetate and combed cotton in black, olivette or navy, sparked with white. Sizes 5 to 15 and 4 to 14; also Marji Low sizes 4 to 14. Under $30.00.

at 2500 fashion stores, including:

ABERDEEN, S. DAK.....Jo Rich's
ALBANY, N. Y.....Josef Yezzi
ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.....Kistler-Collister
ALEXANDRIA, LA.....Weiss Goldring
ALLENTOWN, PA.....Emil E. Otto
BALTIMORE, MD.....The Marlene Shop
BENSON, N. C.....Elite Fashions
BISMARCK, N. DAK.....Robertson's
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.....Roland's, Inc.
BLUE ISLAND, ILL.....The Mayfair
BOWLING GREEN, KY.....Martin's
BROOKLYN, N. Y.....Abraham & Straus
CALDWELL, N. J.....J. M. Towne & Co.
CARLSBAD, N. MEX.....Myrtices
CARTERET, N. J.....Lillians
CHARLESTON, S. C.....Conklin's
CHARLOTTE, N. C.....Belk's
CLEVELAND, OHIO.....Halle Bros.
DALLAS, TEXAS.....Mrs. Northcutt
DECATUR, ILL.....Burstein's
DOTHAN, ALA.....The Kiddie Shoppe
DULUTH, MINN.....Bud's
ELIZABETH, N. J.....Fishman's
ERIE, PA.....Halle Bros.
EVANSVILLE, IND.....Dunhills
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.....Matildas
FOREST HILLS, N. Y.....Franklyn Shop
FT. WAYNE, IND.....D. B. Fishman Co.
GADSDEN, ALA.....Ike Saks
GARDEN CITY, KAN.....Town Shop
GASTONIA, N. C.....Helen's
GLEN ROCK, N. J.....Glentowne Apparel
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.....M. Morgan
GREAT FALLS, MONT.....Beckman's
HAMMOND, IND.....Carrie Long Shop
HOUSTON, TEXAS.....Isabell Gerhart, Inc.
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.....The Style Shop
HUTCHINSON, KAN.....Willey's, Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.....Wm. H. Block Co.
ISLIP, L. I., N. Y.....Adrienne Fashion Studio
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.....Nancy Scott
KINGSPORT, TENN.....Jackie's Fashion Shop
LANSING, MICH.....Marie's Fashions
LAS CRUCES, N. MEX.....Georjess Shop
LAWTON, OKLA.....R. L. Meadors & Sons
LIBERAL, KAN.....Grisier's
LINCOLN, ILL.....Landauer's
LINCOLN, NEB.....Miller Paine Co.
MANITOWOC, WIS.....Houston's
MEDINA, OHIO.....Better Dress Shop
MILWAUKEE, WIS.....Gimbels
MINOT, N. DAK.....Taubes
MOBILE, ALA.....Reiss Brothers
MODESTO, CALIF.....Dee Ann
MOLINE, ILL.....LaRose Frock Shop
NEW HARTFORD, N. Y.....E. Cramer & Son
OMAHA, NEB.....Thomas Kilpatrick
OWENSBORO, KY.....S. W. Anderson Co.
PANAMA CITY, FLA.....Lillian Kilpatrick
PASSAIC, N. J.....Belles
PAULS VALLEY, OKLA.....Fashion Shop
PENSACOLA, FLA.....Bon Marche
PEORIA, ILL.....P. A. Bergner Co.
PLAINFIELD, N. J.....Claire Williams
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.....Kopy-Kat, Inc.
POTTSVILLE, PA.....Juliette Fashions
RALEIGH, N. C.....Ivey-Taylor
RICHMOND, IND.....Julians Fashions
RICHMOND, VA.....Paradise Shop
ROCKFORD, ILL.....Owens, Inc.
SCRANTON, PA.....Laura McCarrick
SHARON, PA.....Elite Fashions
SHREVEPORT, LA.....Don's Deb Shop
SOUTH BEND, IND.....Milady Shop
TUCSON, ARIZONA.....Switzer's
TULARE, CALIF.....Vera's Shop
UPPER DARBY, PA.....Helen Caro
WACO, TEXAS.....R. E. Cox
WASHINGTON, D.C.....Frank R. Jelleff
WORCESTER, MASS.....Marci's
YAKIMA, WASH.....Jess Barber's

In Canada:

MONTREAL, QUEBEC.....Dupuis Freres, Ltee.
OTTAWA, ONT.....Charles Ogilvy, Ltd.
TORONTO-HAMILTON, ONT.....Henry Morgan Co. Ltd.
QUEBEC, QUEBEC.....La Cie Paquette, Ltee.
HALIFAX, N. S.....Mills Brothers Co. Ltd.
ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND....The Model Shop

R. Lowenbaum Mfg. Co., St. Louis
Lolyta, S. A. Monterey, N. L.
Mexico, D. F. Mexico
Minx Modes, Montreal, Canada

Chimbodes®



WHIRL-SKIRTED DRESS-WITH-JACKET COSTUME . . . UNDER 30.00 AT JAY THORPE, INC.

MARSHALL FIELD • JOHN WANAMAKER • FILENE'S • STIX, BAER & FULLER • D. H. HOLMES



AN AFRICAN RIVIERA

Bone-white beaches,
properly French restaurants;
camel caravans alongside Citroëns...
the surprises around Dakar

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Imagine Cannes—with better beaches—transposed from the French Riviera to the Atlantic coast of Africa. The imagined place would be something like Dakar, capital of the Republic of Senegal and seat of the Federation of Mali. Seemingly surrounded by the blue, blue sea, this tall white peninsular city has, overlaid upon its deeply African culture, the language and some of the look of France.

Part of the dazzle of Senegal lies in the glamour of its women: tall, willowy, beautiful as dark sapphires, children of the old Wolof tribe. Far from being in purdah, these Moslem women of Dakar appear to run everything, especially the markets where they reign like queens over their stalls. In wavy gossamer turbans and flowing *boubous* (loose, ankle-length robes that might have gold sequins on white voile, or print-portraits of General de Gaulle, of Queen Elizabeth, or of the new national sign of Mali), they call in liquid French: "*Jolie Madame, ma belle, achetez mes fleurs.*"

Even little girls have gold wrist and ankle bracelets, rings on their fingers and rings on their toes; they seem to carry the babies wrapped on their backs more as decoration than as burden. The market of Sandaga is stacked with produce; the market of Kermel is a mosaic of flowers, fruits, fishes, and women. Senegalese women have the reputation of persuading their husbands to buy them limitless clothes and jewels.

In Dakar, the lure is the water. Acres of bone-white beaches line the coast, endless, clean, nude except for occasional thatched fishing villages. From any high window in the city one can spot skin divers or water skiers looping around the coves; everyone seems to manage several hours a day at the beach.

In town, at the *plage*, Le Lagon, is a fine French restaurant run by a Marseillaise. Further out, by the smart Hotel N'Gor, one end of the beach is sprinkled with people wearing bikinis, the other end with local fishermen in red fezzes, their wives in flowing *boubous*.

One should visit the nearby fishing village of Yoff around four in the afternoon, when the fishermen return with their extraordinary catch. The arched, painted boats, carved from tree trunks and rigged with square sails ride in bulging with tiof, tuna, bonito, shark, barracuda, and a jumpy swarm of silvery sardines. Everyone rushes from the grass houses, or *case*, to meet the fleet; the men come in long white robes, the children half-naked, the women nonchalantly trailing their *boubous* in the wet sand. The boats are beached and twirled—not pulled—to dry sand where the catch is distributed and carried off, head-borne.

Around the yacht club of Hann, the huge bay bobs with sailing craft and boats to be hired by game fishermen. Fishing is the great sport of Senegal: deep-sea fishing, surf-casting, rock fishing, spear fishing, shark hunting. The sea is, in fact, so incredibly fish-filled that the well-fed sharks do

(Continued on page 54)



GUY D.

FASHIONS
SHAPED WITH
PELLON®
non-woven interfacing
ARE
AVAILABLE AT:

LORD & TAYLOR,
New York

FILENE'S,
Boston

CHAS. A. STEVENS,
Chicago

NEIMAN-MARCUS,
Dallas

BULLOCK'S-DOWNTOWN,
Los Angeles

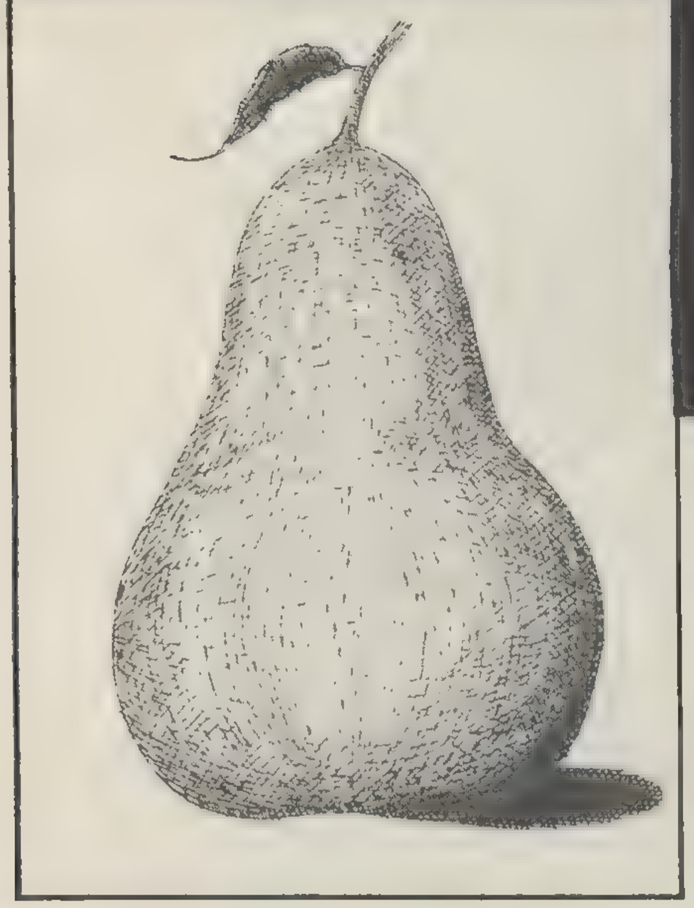
CHAS. F. BERG,
Portland

JOSEPH MAGNIN CO.,
San Francisco

Write: GUY D.
498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18

PELLON® SHAPES THE FASHION *only...*





Nature's gently flowing contours need no shape-retaining accessory. But, to preserve the beautiful lines of fine fashion, Pellon non-woven interfacing is used . . . it keeps the shape. Look for this symbol of quality in the fashions you buy.



PELLON CORPORATION, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1

® PELLON IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE PELLON CORP.



KAZAN

The white lace gesture for evening

Bare but unbouffant, clearly not in the filmy-flow school of lace, this dress has a figure built in. Of crisp re-embroidered white Alençon lace over a stiff flare of underskirt, the dress is taut-waisted, has a dramatic gesture of blue grosgrain facing the split-petal bodice. There's a stole in the grand manner—blue silk grosgrain, extravagantly fringed. By Mary Black, of French lace; at Bergdorf Goodman; Martha Weathered; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Satin shoes with a double point, by Bally of Switzerland.





"Young Love," 3 pieces shown, only $18; 6-piece place setting, $35. Federal Tax Included.

MODERN SIMPLICITY IS YOUR STYLE...

Modern simplicity! It's the secret of today's great fashions that are all beautiful line and form. And that's exactly what you find in Heirloom Sterling . . . modern simplicity and sheer *perfection* of line! Every Heirloom pattern is famous for it.

That's why so many young people these days are asking for Heirloom Sterling. They love the patterns and they know that *nothing* surpasses sterling! For one thing, sterling grows lovelier the more you use it. A fine patina enhances its luster. And of course it never wears out. Enjoy your Heirloom Sterling at every meal. You'll find it seldom needs polishing! Ask at your jeweler's or silver department to see Young Love* and all the other Heirloom patterns.

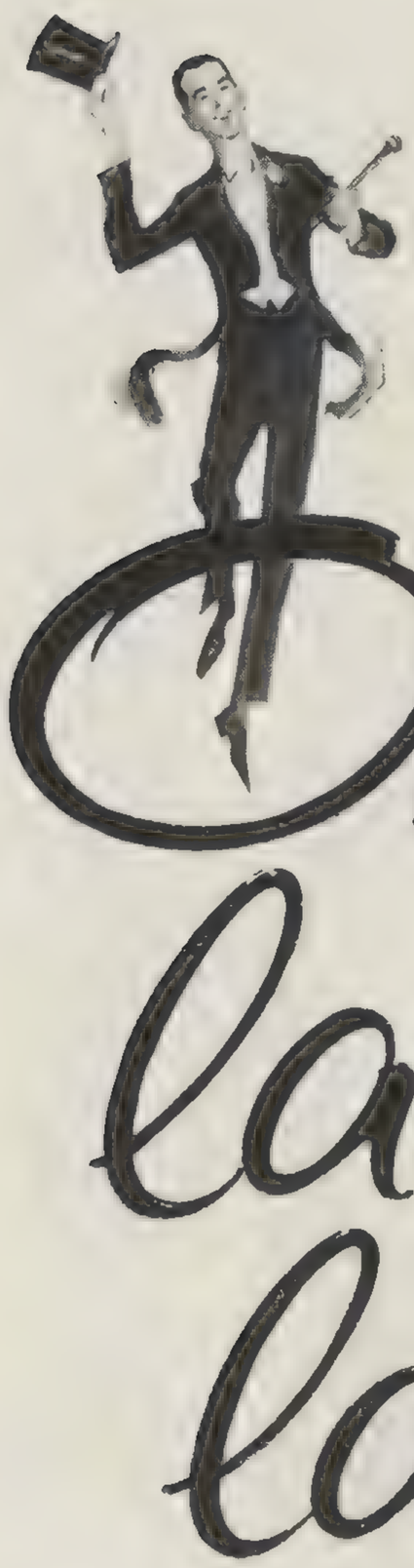
HEIRLOOM IS YOUR STERLING!

OS HEIRLOOM STERLING*

crafted by ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS, makers of distinctive tableware • COMMUNITY* SILVERPLATE • 1881 ROGERS* SILVERPLATE • ONEIDACRAFT* STAINLESS • TUDOR* PLATE ONEIDA COMMUNITY • ONEIDA* DINNERWARE

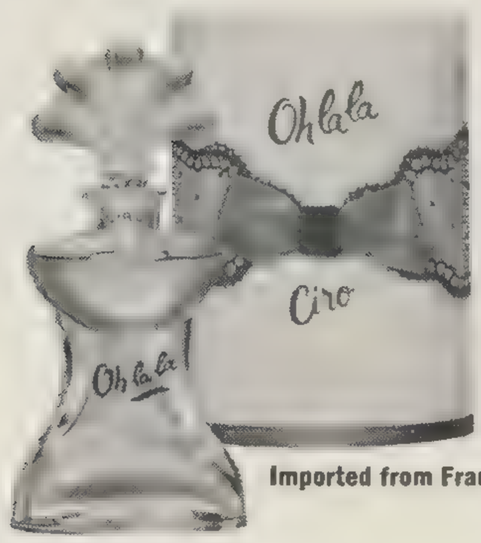
*TRADEMARKS. ©1960 ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N.Y.

WEAR IT...
AND HE'LL SAY



Oh la la

PARIS IN A PERFUME
...TOO WONDERFUL
FOR WORDS!



Imported from France

OH LA LA Perfume, $40.00 to $7.00
Perfume Mist, Eau de Parfum,
Eau de Parfum Mist Concentré,
Bath Powder, each $5.00. *Prices plus tax.*

PARFUMS
CIRO

AN AFRICAN RIVIERA

(Continued from page 50)

not bother humans.

For a superb glimpse of eighteenth-century colonial architecture, there is, a half-hour's ferry ride from Dakar. the island of Gorée, the first European settlement of West Africa. Because the Portuguese, Dutch, British, and French all left their mark on the fortresses, on the pink houses with wooden balconies, and on the palmy squares, the tiny black basalt islet seems a composite of the eighteenth-century West Indies. It was from Gorée that slaves were transported to the New World; the slaves' house is still there. weathered rose, sinister with caves, but with an elegant double stairway leading to the upper floor.

Two excellent museums, one historical, one marine, have been mounted on Gorée by l'Institut Français d'Afrique Noir. For the neophyte, these museums open vast fields of knowledge and, in a curious way, show the deep emotional link between Africa and the American continents.

From 1785 to 1788. De Boufflers, the French statesman and man of letters. commanded Gorée. What was his house is now the Hostellerie du Chevalier de Boufflers, a restaurant run by a charming French couple who also rent five of the rooms. The terrace overlooks port and beach, the food is excellent, and the dining room hung with the owner's big-game trophies. M. Maurice Girault, by the way, will arrange elephant hunts in the Sassandra region of the Ivory Coast, taking small parties on twenty-five-day safaris during the dry months, January and May. Senegal's best season is from November to May.

Driving inland, from Dakar to the restaurant Le Relais 82 (so-called because it is eighty-two kilometres from the town of M'Bour), one sees a living mural of the bush: monkeys scampering among stacks of harvested peanuts, villages of round grass huts walled with round grass walls, silent black vultures winging above the white, leafless boabab trees, flat blue sky, flat land, and, always, the gay, elegant Wolof people.

Another day's excursion is north to the island city of Saint-Louis de Senegal. (The Union Aéromaritime de Transport plane leaves Dakar on an early morning flight, returns in the afternoon; an hour's flight each way.)

Saint-Louis, a flowered harmony of pastel houses with grilled balconies, is serene and sleepy in contrast to the modern dash of Dakar. Evoking something of the *vieux carré* of New Orleans, the city calls its women *les Saint-Louisiennes.* A thriving port for three hundred years, it was, until recently, the French colonial capital of Senegal. Pierre Loti lived here in 1873 and wrote *Le Roman d'un Spahi;* Antoine de Saint-Exupéry and Jean Mermoz charted the first South Atlantic flights from Saint-Louis.

Because Mauritania and the desert are close by, camel caravans trail into the city beside Citroëns and horse-drawn surreys jingling with bells. Silversmiths work in the markets turning out bracelets and bangles for the local belles, who are even more alluringly dressed than the women of Dakar.

Little girls, out of school. dance on street corners; little boys hawk cigarettes from flat head-trays. From the rough seas the fishermen bank their boats onto the gay beach. Their cemetery, a short stretch away, is touchingly simple, with sand graves marked by a panoply of fish nets.

At the happily French hotel. La Résidence. the rooms have charm, the lunch is adequate. and guests may arrange good fishing and wild-boar hunting trips, as well as air-taxi excursions to Mauritania, Port Étienne, or even to Timbuctoo.

In Dakar, the new, shining, first-class place is Hotel N'Gor. Filled with internationals, the hotel has a buzz of glamour about its restaurants, night club, beach, tennis, and riding clubs. Split-level rooms face the water, and the food is French. In town, the Hotel Croix du Sud is modern, pretty, and noted for the excellence of its lobsters.

Dakar, although planes from all over touch there, has the charms and climate of the Caribbean without the Caribbean's crowds. Air France and Union Aéromaritime de Transport planes leave Paris at seven P.M. and fly direct, with a brief stop in Marseille, to Dakar. Food and service are properly French.

ZEFRAN



SPRING IS SOMETHING YOU FEEL!

Life's just a bowl of frolic with this **R.A.R. Moppets** dress. (Just bring your own balloon!) Because it's made with Zefran® acrylic fiber, the fabric feels good. Smooth as ice cream. Creases just don't *appear.* Spots seem to *slide* off. The colors are like flowers. Only you can't wash flowers. You *can* wash these dresses. (The colors *won't* wash away.) What fun to watch them whirl by in the machine! Out they pop needing the littlest pressing. All ready to chase more balloons in the park. **80% Zefran acrylic and 20% cotton;** daisy yellow; pink, lilac, blue. Sizes: Moppets 3-6x, 8.95; 7-14, 10.95. **Best & Co.,** New York; **The Halle Bros. Co.,** Cleveland; **The J. L. Hudson Co.,** Detroit; **L. S. Ayres & Co.,** Indianapolis; **May Co.,** Los Angeles; **The Dayton Co.,** Minneapolis; **John Wanamaker,** Philadelphia; **Joseph Horne Co.,** Pittsburgh; **Thalhimers,** Richmond; **Woodward & Lothrop,** Washington, D. C.

ZEFRAN acrylic—the supernatural fiber for the mother who wants everything



*ZEFRAN is The Dow Chemical Company's trademark for products including fibers, yarns, fabrics.

ZEFRAN®





BLIN & BLIN WOOLENS—

FRANCE'S GREAT CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD OF FASHION

WOOLENS FROM FRANCE, INC. TSM 1441 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18



designs a smart, suburban twosome . . . with AVRON
high strength rayon

AVRON high strength rayon

Cool, casual classics to see you delightfully through the summer months. Meticulously tailored and detailed of a lettuce-crisp, wash and wear fabric by CROWN of Dacron[1] polyester fiber and Avron high strength rayon, packs and travels with ease. (*Right*) bolero-jacketed sundress with square neckline, bodice-pleating and softly crushed printed belt. Misses' 8 to 18, petites' 8p to 16p. About $25.00. (*Left*) a pouf-sleeved shirtdress with miniature pocket and hankie. Print-belted pleated skirt. Misses' 8 to 18, custom sizes for the shorter figure 10c to 18c. About $23.00.

Both in olive green with foam green . . . charcoal with light grey . . . suntan with beige. Available at *Stern's, New York, Paramus, Great Neck; Jelleff's, Washington; Smartwear, Milwaukee; Frost's, San Antonio; Burger-Phillips, Birmingham; Younkers, Des Moines.*

*Trademark of American Viscose Corporation

[1]Reg. T.M. for Du Pont's polyester fiber

American Viscose Corporation makes Avron high strength rayon . . . Nelly Don, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City, makes the fashions.

AVISCO®
Rayon • Acetate • Cellophane

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



A NEW CONCEPT IN EAR RINGS

Especially adapted for the woman with a hearing problem

Whisper-Lite



HEAR-RINGS® by MAICO

An amazing new fashion accessory . . . offers comfort and beauty. No pinch, no pull! Your ear rings rest comfortably in place. Ideally adapted for the hard of hearing because they glamorously help conceal any hearing correction. ¤ ¤ ¤ Now you can look beautiful and hear with confidence. ¤ ¤ ¤ See them at Maico dealers everywhere or write for free booklet.

another fashion first from **MAICO**
where Better Hearing is a Beauty Secret

MAICO ELECTRONICS, 21 No. 3rd Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota

HOW DID THEY EVER MANAGE?

Some startling advice and seven good recipes from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries

BY HARRIET VAN HORNE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Harriet Van Horne, a fragile-faced, blue-eyed blonde, is not only a good cook who likes to search in old cookbooks, but is also the television and radio critic of the* New York World-Telegram. *By far the prettiest critic of all, she has a rifle mind, hitting squarely on target. This is her third article on food for Vogue.*

"To pot a swan," begins a seventeenth-century recipe, "first bone and skin your swan and beat the flesh in a mortar, taking out the strings as you beat it. . . ."

For failing memory, Elizabethans swallowed a little conserve of cowslips first thing in the morning. Lovage root, powdered in wine, was the specific for the distressing malady called "griping of the guts." And for gout nothing helped so much as snails pounded to a plaster and applied daily "to the place grieved."

Until the nineteenth century, a dutiful housewife was family physician, pharmacist, and vintner, not to mention dressmaker, master chef, and unfrocked cosmetician. She made her own soap, perfume, and candles. Frequently she wove the cloth that draped her windows, beds, and children.

One longs to know her better, this woman who could skin a rabbit, brew a fine cock ale, keep complicated household accounts, and give birth to a baby virtually every year until nature retired her. Not infrequently, she died young.

One likes best to think of her—this sturdy ancestress of ours who wore multiple petticoats but no drawers—among the vats and alembics of her herb-scented stillroom. It was here that a seventeenth-century lady of the manor devised her possets, purges, tonics, cordials, ointments, and wound-drinks. We may smile over her recipes today. But we must honour them, too, for they solaced the pains and sorrows of an age that was hard.

In reading old cookery books, one can not fail to be touched by the warmth and love that infuses every "receipt," be it for birch wine or a lotion of bean-flower water "which taketh away the spots of the face."

Though ladies of Elizabethan and Stuart times were well-educated their recipe books are often curiously composed. Scholars of the period find the books marvellously enlightening, nevertheless. For they evoke, in lively homely detail, a world otherwise dead to us.

The passing years can not

(Continued on page 61)



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SHERATON-EAST, N.Y.C.

Checking-In For Spring • Checking-In For Spring

IMP MAKES THE MAN

First class all the way in navy and white shephard check jacket with navy pants, master-tailored in Orlon® acrylic fiber and wool. Sizes 1 to 4, 3 to 6, about $15.00.*

LORD & TAYLOR, New York & branches
MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago & branches
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia & branches
BULLOCK'S, Westwood, Pasadena,
Santa Ana, Los Angeles

* Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.
For the store in your city, write:
IMP ORIGINALS, Inc., 112 West 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

imp ORIGINALS ®



This is Olga, whose designer touch shapes the feminine form into fashion with her French Tease, photo'd on the coming two pages

Olga
CORSETRY

7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Cal.

VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, or call LE 2-7500

Horsemanship

FOOTHILLS RIDING CAMP

For girls, 10-17. Complete riding & training program. Equitation, hunting, jumping, trail riding, horse shows. All sports, swimming, tennis, dramatics, etc. Limited to 35. Booklet. **Ferman Skelton, Dir. Foothills 10, Stowe, Vermont**

Girls' Camps

FOUR-WAY LODGE

On Torch Lake, Mich. Girls 7-18. 4 groups. Mature leadership. Riding in fee. Sailing, water skiing. Wide choice of sports. Music, crafts, trips. Brother camp, Fairwood. Catalog. **Mrs. M. V. Eder, Owner-Director, 5699 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati 24, Ohio.**

CAMP ARBUTUS

46th Season. Grand Traverse Bay Region, Michigan, on Arbutus Lakes. 120 girls 8-16. Exceptional staff 1-4. Well known for waterfront, land sports, riding, trips and fine arts program. **Mr. & Mrs. Paul Hunsicker, 24835 Gleneyrie, Southfield, Mich.**

LONG SCRAGGY MT. RANCH

In Colorado Rockies. Daily Riding—Western & English. Red Cross Swimming Instruction. Heated Pool. Pack Trips, Sports, Drama; Art, Music, Crafts, Dancing. Experienced counselors. Girls—age 7 to 15. Write: **Mrs. L. V. Hayden, P.O. Box 7662, Denver 15, Colo.**

CAMP COWASSET

Summer of fun on Cape Cod. All salt water sports, sailing, swimming. Riding, archery, tennis, crafts, music, dramatics. Trips. Tutoring. Log cabins in spicy pines. Ages 5-15. 4 groups. 45th yr. Catalog. **Beatrice V. Hunt, Dir., Holbrook, Massachusetts.**

T-LEDGE

Orr's Island, Maine. Connected with mainland. Sailing in beautiful Casco Bay. Clean, clear salt water. Riding. Own stable. Dramatics, music, tennis, crafts. Water skiing. Lots of trips. Booklet. **Neil Barnes Knorr, Box V-30, South Portland, Maine.**

TEELA-WOOKET

The Horseback Camps of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun! Water sports, golf, tennis, archery. Trips. Dramatics. $375-$525, no extras. Outfit rented. Also Idlewild for Boys. Booklet. **Mr. & Mrs. A.L. Hayden, Box 156-V, Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

buff ledge

Milton, Vt.
One of Brown Ledge Camps

Free Daily Riding for all, featuring the finest trails in Vermont. Equitation, jumping, mounted drill, horse shows. A superior waterfront program, featuring water skiing, swimming, sailing, diving, trips in our own Chris Craft; golf, tennis, archery, crafts, dancing, overnight trips. Counselor training program for teen agers. All-inclusive fee. No extras! Free booklet.

95 Girls 7 to 18. (*Brown Ledge Div., 10-18.*)
Please give age.
Mr. & Mrs. M. W. A. Hunt
18 Carver Ave., S.,
Scituate, Mass.

HORSES — CHRIS CRAFT Water Skiing

Boys' & Girls' Camps

VALLEY VIEW RANCH

5000-acre Ranch a'top Lookout Mt., NW Ga. Ages 10-17. Your own horse, choice of 100. Rodeos, horse shows, swimming, tennis, dances, pack trips. Boys June 15-July 19; Girls July 20-Aug. 23. **Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Jones, 1100 S. Greenway, Coral Gables, Fla.**

LIFE CAMPS

CHESHAM, N. H. CO-ED 7-14 CIT 15-17
Outdoor Living, Conservation, Natural Science, Land & Water Sports, Arts & Crafts, Riding, Square & Folk Dancing. Small group democratic planning. 8 wks. $500. Bklt. **Mr. & Mrs. Charles Ferguson, Peterboro, N.H.**

Any of the schools and camps listed will gladly give you further information. Letters mentioning VOGUE will receive special consideration.

Boys' Camps

FAIRWOOD

Torch Lake, Mich. Boys 7-17. 4 groups. Land, water sports. Riding, sailing, water skiing instruction. Crafts, trips. Special features for older boys. Sister camp, Four-Way Lodge. Booklet. **M. V. Eder, Dir.-Owner, 5699 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati 24, Ohio.**

CAMP CHARLEVOIX

A character camp for boys 7-17 in No. Michigan. Dude ranch, 40 horses. Rodeo, western cowboys. All sports. Riflery. Sailing fleet. Trips. College staff. No hay fever. 35th year. Write: **K. V. Smith, 1922 Beaufait Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan.**

TONSET—CAPE COD

Salt water, sailing, swimming, fishing, camping trips, with all land sports. 90 boys, 7-15 from all parts of U.S. and abroad. Personal care. Summer Study Program. **Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Hagenbuckle, Fessenden School, West Newton 65, Massachusetts.**

CAMP PIUS ELEVENTH

"The Ideal Camp for Catholic Boys." 1,000 acres. College campus . . . all sports, including water-skiing, elaborate Indian Lore program . . . experienced Brother counselors. All inclusive fee $500. 30th season. **Rev. Father Director, Camp Pius XI, Enfield, N.H.**

OLMEC

On Lake Winnipesaukee, N.H. Smaller, more intimate group of boys 8-15. Wooded pine grove setting. Waterskiing, sailing, canoeing, baseball, tennis, travel, work program. Bklt. Owned and directed by **Robert B. Roubaud, Gilford, N.H. CYpress 3-7761.**

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY SUMMER CAMPS

A summer of fun and recreation in heart of America's National Shrine. Ranger Camp (12-14). Pioneer Camp (9-12). Specialized training in leadership and social courtesy. Aquacade! Separate Band Camp (13-18) under renowned musical director. Individual instrument instruction. Box 53, Wayne, Pa.

Coeducational Schools

CHADWICK SCHOOL

ROLLING HILLS, CALIFORNIA
Coed, Country Day & Boarding. On Palos Verdes Peninsula near Los Angeles. Grades 1-12, accredited. Member Calif. Assn. Independent Schools. Summer Sch. **Com. & Mrs. Joseph H. Chadwick, Directors.**

JUDSON SCHOOL—ARIZONA

Coed ranch school. Grades 1 to 12. College prep. Warm, dry climate. Near Phoenix. Accredited. Small classes. Riding & polo incl. in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips, fishing, riflery. 32nd yr. Catalog. **David V. Wick, Headmaster, Scottsdale, Arizona.**

Girls' School

CASTILLEJA SCHOOL

Founded by Mary I. Lockey in 1907. Day and resident school, preparing for eastern and western colleges. Garden, pool, year 'round outdoor sports. **Margarita Espinosa, A. M., Prin., Eleanor Huckvale, Asst., 1310 Bryant St., Palo Alto, California.**

Boys' School

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

"At the Nation's Shrine" Valley Forge, shrine of our freedom, has loaned its name to this fully accredited, distinguished Mil. Acad. and Jr. Coll. Small classes, highest academic standards. Prep. School, grades 9 thru 12 & Jr. Coll. All sports. Arty., Cav., Infantry, Band. Senior Div. ROTC. **Catalogue, Box H, Wayne, Pa.**

Retailing

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
Write Registrar, Rm. 209. Specify course. 1 year program. Fashion Merchandising, Buying, Modeling. Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Attractive dormitory for girls. (No connection with Vogue Magazine.)

Fine & Applied Arts

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *FOR RESULTS*

Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends
Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed
ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR
Beginners & Advanced, Day, Eve., Sat. *Register Now!*
Illustration, Sketch, Pattern, Dressmaking, Display.
Our Graduates in Demand! Junior Sat. A.M. Class.
Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. 1. Phone CO 5-2077.
TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d St.) N.Y. 19

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN

SUMMER SESSION
SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE
Starts July 6th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. *Send for Catalog S*
Home Study Course starts at once. For those who cannot come to New York. *Send for Catalog C*
29 East 72nd Street, New York 21, N. Y.

Art Center

STUDENTS prepare for careers using talent in Commercial Art, Interior Decoration, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Fashion Merchandising with modeling, Window Display. Co-educational. Attractive residence for out-of-town girls on Lake Shore Drive. G. I. approved. Individual advancement. Finest professional instructors and equipment. Enter 1st Monday each month. Write Registrar Room 206. Specify course. **RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS**
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11
(No connection with VOGUE MAGAZINE)

Home Study

LEARN Interior Decoration

at home for professional or personal use. Approved supervised method. Step-by-step authoritative training program. Includes working kit. Low tuition. Easy payments. Send for *free* 24 page illustrated booklet, "Adventures in Interior Design & Decoration." No obligation.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION
835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 3383, Chicago 14, Ill.
Accredited by National Home Study Council

ABOUT CAMPS

Directors of the camps listed in this issue will be glad to send you their literature. If you would like to consider additional camps, write for Vogue's Directory of Camps, Summer Schools, Trips for 1960—it is free of charge.

Name_____

Address_____

Son_____ Daughter_____ Age_____

Type of camp preferred_____

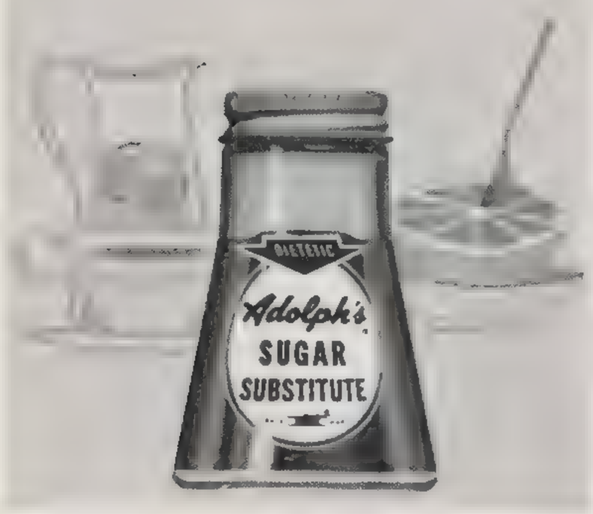
Location_____ Approximate fee_____

Special interests_____

3-15-60

VOGUE'S CAMP BUREAU, 420 LEXINGTON, N. Y. 17

PERFECT
REPLACEMENT
FOR SUGAR...

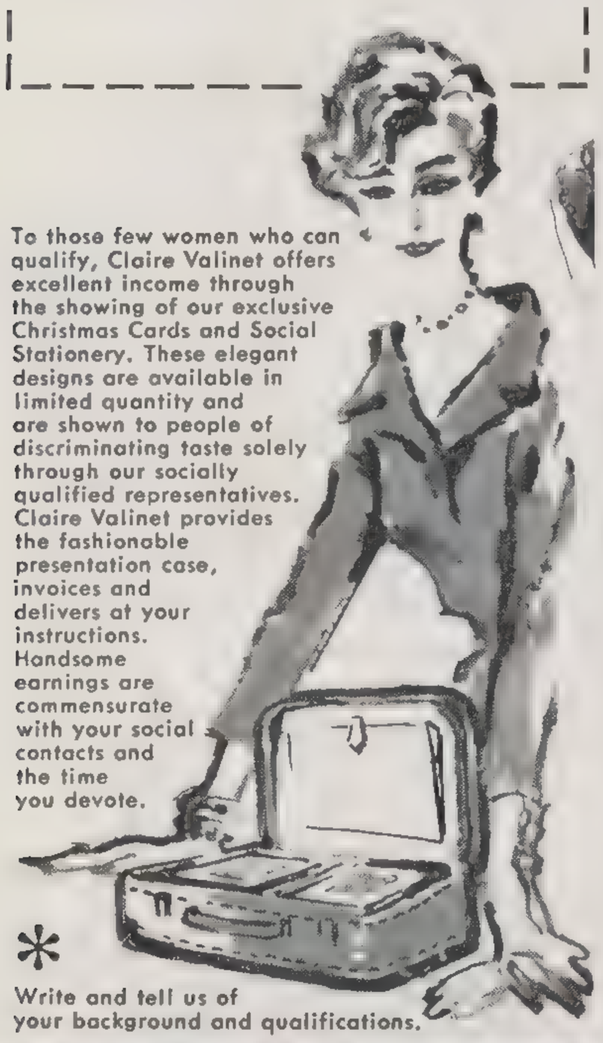


ADOLPH'S is the *granulated* Sugar Substitute that looks, sprinkles, and sweetens like sugar! Yet Adolph's is *low* in calories...dissolves faster than sugar in hot or cold liquids...and in cooking, makes delicious sugar-free desserts. (Recipes in package.) Ask for Adolph's Sugar Substitute at your food store. For FREE SAMPLE, write to Adolph's Limited, Dept. No. H-3 Burbank, California

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Another fine product of Adolph's Research Kitchens

Can you qualify
as a
CLAIRE VALINET
representative?



To those few women who can qualify, Claire Valinet offers excellent income through the showing of our exclusive Christmas Cards and Social Stationery. These elegant designs are available in limited quantity and are shown to people of discriminating taste solely through our socially qualified representatives. Claire Valinet provides the fashionable presentation case, invoices and delivers at your instructions. Handsome earnings are commensurate with your social contacts and the time you devote.

*

Write and tell us of your background and qualifications.

Claire Valinet
1747 West Thorndale • Chicago 26

HOW DID THEY MANAGE?

(Continued from page 59)

dim the note of pride in the dish, be it pigges pettie toes or pestilence-wort, powdered in wine. With pride, one senses a sweet anxiety that the decoction turn out well, that the ache be eased, the hungers tenderly fed.

An Elizabethan book of oddities offers instructions for making birch wine. "In March, bore a hole in a tree," it begins, "and put to every gallon of the liquor a quart of good honey...." But it's the concluding lines that wring the heart and make one wonder if these ancient *recettes* were inscribed for young daughters who would be rearing their families in another shire—or even another land. It says much for womankind, this habit of setting down the hard-won secrets of a lifetime to ease and sweeten the lot of the next generation.

"This is admirably wholesome as well as pleasant," writes the lady who made birch wine, "an opener of obstructions, good against the spleen and scurvy, a remedy against the stone, it will abate heat in a fever or thrush and has been given with good success."

The taste and smell of food seem to have mattered greatly to all cooks up to Victorian times, when cabbages were boiled by the hour in houses tightly sealed against draughts and night air. So many of the early English recipes call for rose water one wonders where they got it all. But faded diaries and record books indicate that housewives busied themselves for weeks each year, brewing vats of the fragrant stuff.

Elizabethans bathed in rose water, strewed it on clothing, flavoured desserts and meat sauces with it. Since sanitary conditions were deplorable, a dish of burning flower petals could be found in every chamber, especially in the sick room. "Right red rose water" boiled with sugar and then poured over sweet cypress embers was guaranteed to make a house smell like a garden and "take away the gross ayre."

Most of the long-ago cosmetics employed flowers of some sort. One Sir Hugh Platt left this admonition to a freckled lady: "Wash your face in the wane of the moon with a sponge, morning and evening (wet with) the distilled water of elder-leaves.... Your water must be distilled in May. This is of a traveller, who hath cured himself thereby."

Fresh eggs, asses' milk, and cinnamon were distilled for a milk bath said to make a woman look fifteen years old. Hair was dyed golden with rhubarb and white wine and reddened with radish and privet.

But the best cosmetic of all is sheer poetry to read about. It is May dew, gathered on a spring morning. Linen cloths were spread on the grass, then carefully wrung out by the young ladies of the household. The dew was then bottled, used as a face-wash or as an ingredient in flower preserves.

Every bloom in garden and field had its uses. Spearmint and broom buds seasoned meat sauces. A blend of irises and mallows cured wrinkles. Marigolds, gilliflowers, violets, and peonies were candied, preserved, pickled, or used fresh in salads. The garnish of the day was cuckoo flowers, something like our water cress.

It would seem, from all contemporary accounts, that our British (and our early American) ancestors ate very well. A conventional dinner always included fish, fowl, and meat. Roasts often came to the table decked with flowers. They weren't eaten at table but you may be sure they weren't thrown away when the platter went back to the kitchen.

But even with all the labour of concocting medicines, making mead, churning her own butter, and tending the sick, this woman found time to make holidays gay and festive. Her cookbooks ooze with rich holiday puddings, cakes, and sweets. Some of these seem virtually inedible to our simple palates today, being fabulous compounds of marchpane, isinglass, candied citron, honey, and *pounds* of currants.

But how strongly the desire for clarity, for accuracy, shines through these recipes. The figures of speech are quick, vivid, and knowing. They take for granted a certain culinary experience, however. Thus an ideal sauce is summed up: "Make it somewhat

(Continued on page 62)



French Tease girdle $10 panty 10.95. For store, free booklet write Olga, Dept. V30, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Calif. pat. pen.



Slim-thigh French Tease 12.50 panty 13.50 bra $5. For store name write Olga-V31,7915 Haskell,Van Nuys, Cal.pat. pen.

HOW DID THEY EVER MANAGE? *(Continued from page 61)*

running and somewhat standing."

To make strong mead (the favourite brew of Good Queen Bess who toted her own jug to house parties) a seventeenth-century brewer wrote, "Dissolve honey in warm spring water till 'tis strong enough to bear an egg the breadth of a shilling."

"To make the Pope's Posset," says another ancient manual of cookery, "blanch and beat three-quarters of a pound of almonds so fine they will spread between your fingers like butter. . . ."

If you pause and consider how much depended on the loving skills of the housewife a few hundred years ago, you will understand why she left no bitter, tear-stained diaries complaining that her life lacked "fulfillment."

Despite her diligence and labours, a woman living out her brief span in the years between 1600 and 1800, walked always in the shadow of pain and death. Approximately half the children born died in infancy. And such a woman's wound-drinks and possets—though some contain medically sound herbs still valued today—were small help against tuberculosis, malaria, smallpox, and the plague. Small wonder that some of the cordials, caudles, and juleps are noted simply as "excellent to cheer ye spirits."

Considering that honey was used in virtually everything and that a good housewife was expected to know the nine ways of preparing syrup (including "the feather'd boiling"), it will surprise no modern nutritionist to hear that toothache was the curse of the times.

A woman, of course, mixed her own toothpowder, a concoction of burnt rosemary and alum. But sometimes, foolish female, she sweetened this cleansing agent with a dollop of honey. For extractions, as well as other surgery, the favourite pain-killers were mandrake and quantities of alcohol. Sometimes a cheap-Jack barber or veterinarian set up a booth at a fair where plain folks and gentry might have teeth pulled.

Artificial teeth were sometimes wired into the mouth. These teeth were of ivory or bone or—ghoulish thought—from the mouth of another human. Unscrupulous surgeons were rumoured to have robbed graves solely for teeth.

They suffered much, these roistering people, and they died young. But it is impossible—for me, at least—to read their cookery books and not *long* to taste the rich, lovely food that emerged from those smoky old kitchens.

In an attempt to recapture, however briefly, the aroma and taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, I have boldly adapted some of the more tantalizing dishes. It has been necessary, alas, to omit certain ingredients and directions ("Simmer 'til it be blood warm. . . .") but only in the interests of a tastier dish.

RECIPES

ROAST BABY TURKEY

Rub the turkey well with a cut lemon and butter the well-washed cavity. Mix two cups of fresh bread crumbs ("the crumb of a penny-loaf") with a cup of milk to which you add a beaten egg. Chop two stalks of celery, mix with a scant cup of ground sausage meat (the link sausage can be cooked and put through your grinder, extra-fine), seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stuff the turkey with this mixture, and sew it neatly. Now butter the turkey skin and wrap the bird in cheesecloth thoroughly wet with cold water. Place on a rack in a 400° oven, baste frequently with chicken broth, diluted with white wine. Use the drippings as the basis for a gravy, thickened with cream, egg yolks, and a glass of good sherry.

YAM PUDDING

Mash two cups of yams with grated orange peel and a half cup of orange juice. Add to this mixture a half cup of melted sweet butter and a half cup of honey. Season with nutmeg and cinnamon, plus a pinch of salt. Separate six eggs. Mix the beaten yolks into the yams, then add the stiffly beaten whites. Fold in the whites at the last minute before baking. The mixture should be baked in a soufflé dish at 375° for about a half hour. Either brandy or sherry may be added to this recipe. A pretty and tasty topping—not seventeenth-century—is crushed corn flakes mixed with a little brown sugar.

SUNDAY NIGHT EGGS

Boil four eggs hard (but not too hard), slice them and rest them in a warm pan of melted butter. Now add a little nutmeg, salt and pepper and a tablespoon of grated Swiss or Gruyère cheese. A tablespoon of heavy cream is optional. Serve on thick, hot buttered toast.

SAUCE PIQUANT FOR FOWL

Strain the juice of an orange, add a glass of dry white wine, a dash of nutmeg, ginger, mace, and salt. Now mix with ¼ cup of melted butter and culinary rose water if you happen to have some. (A dash of orange bitters is nice, too.) The sauce may be thickened with arrowroot if you wish. And an unorthodox friend of mine adds marmalade and soy sauce. Marvellous with duckling.

TO IMPROVE A HAM
(*circa 1800*)

Simmer the ham for half an hour in a liquor that's half champagne, half water. (Chablis or sauterne may be substituted if you've better things to do with your champagne.) To the water add sliced oranges stuck with cloves, a few sticks of cinnamon. Dry the ham and bake in the usual way.

LAMB CUTLETS WITH TARRAGON

Rub lamb chops or cutlets with a cut lemon. Rub salt, pepper, and garlic salt into the meat. In a saucepan, gently heat a little white wine with tarragon, onion powder (or salt), and minced garlic, if garlic is your pleasure. Pour this broth over chops before you slide them under the broiler. Baste them frequently, serve with wedges of lemon and chopped parsley.

SYLLABUB
(*As Anne Boleyn liked it*)

Mix a quart of heavy cream with a half pound of fine sugar. Add a pint of good red wine and a half pint of strong ale. (I add two glasses of good sherry and a bit of lemon, juice and grated peel.) Whip this mixture to a froth, serve it in sherbet glasses with little biscuits.


signs of spring
Martha Manning
pace-setters
"Pace-Setter," a rayon-and-acetate fine nubbed fabric that looks like linen. Cool, comfortable, absolutely wrinkle-resistant. About $18 each.
(left) Navy, copen blue, grey, sage green. 14½—24½.
(center) Pink, sage green, starflower blue, navy. 14½—24½.
(right) Pink, sage green, starflower blue, navy. 12½—22½.
where to buy? Write Martha Manning, Dept. V-315, 1641 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3, Missouri. In Mexico—Creaciones Glamour, S.A., Mexico 1, D.F.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



neutra-tone

An astounding new cosmetic that enables you to choose your own complexion!

Now you can wear any foundation color you please. NEUTRA-TONE, a silky "breathing type" lotion, is an exotic pale green that scientifically achromatizes or veils out the natural skin tones, smooths out darker patchy areas to a porcelain perfection, or tones down ruddy color . . . so that your skin is a neutral tone for any color foundation you wish to wear. If nature didn't give you a beautiful skin, then let Jon Pierre do it!

NEUTRA-TONE $5.50 inc. fed. tax

write to Dept. V2
42 WEST 57 ST., N.Y.C. 19

Jon Pierre
creator of custom cosmetics

Recognized for superb quality



CHARDONERET . . . a sheer delight that's Paris-inspired for the little ones. Dainty lawn garlanded with sprays of hand-embroidered flowers.
See this enchanting style as well as many other beguiling models.

THE PARIS HOUSE
OF HAUTE COUTURE FOR CHILDREN
MARCELLE JULIEN INC.
698 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

PRIVATE EYE...



Eliminates face in the fog

High power imported mini lens glasses. Frames your vision. Easily frees eyebrows, eyelids, lashes for perfect eye glamour application. Ideal for reading price tags, etc. $7.98 ppd. with case. Guaranteed. Calif. residents add 32¢ tax.
Prestige House, 2426 16th Avenue, San Francisco 16, Calif. *Not sold in N.Y.*

750 CHARMS IN THIS
FREE
Charm & Treasure
CATALOG

14K SOLID GOLD and STERLING SILVER CHARMS At Direct-To-You-Prices



To have and to hold "those precious moments" are now at hand, brought to mind by cherished charms and miniatures that tell a story all your own.

★ All Charms Shown Actual Size
★ Prices Include Federal Tax & Postage
★ Money Back Guarantee (Unless Personalized)

SPECIAL OFFER!

Send only 25c in cash or stamps and you'll receive a huge 9x12, 112 page, all inclusive 5000 charm catalog. A must for all collectors of charms.



☐ Birthday Cake opens and has candle inside.
14K Solid Gold $12.00
Sterling Silver . 4.50

☐ The Good Angel—watch over you and your loved ones.
14K Solid Gold $15.00
Sterling Silver 2.20

☐ Bible—covers open wide, reveal the Lord's Prayer.
14K Solid Gold..$10.00
Sterling Silver.. 2.00

☐ College Pennants—for any of 600 colleges. Enameled colors.
14K Solid Gold ..$7.00
Sterling Silver .. 1.50

☐ Map—of any state or U.S. possession, foreign countries. Enameled on
14K Solid Gold. $12.50
Sterling Silver.. 2.20

Please send me charms checked above in
☐ 14K SOLID GOLD
☐ STERLING SILVER
☐ FREE CATALOG
☐ 25¢ CATALOG

Charm & Treasure INC.
509 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 17, N.Y. DEPT. V30
I enclose check or money order for total $.....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....ZONE .....STATE .....
Engraving on any charm—10¢ per letter or number. Please print inscription clearly. Enclose with order.



SHOP HOUND

. . . gets a line on spring

SHANNON



Petals, cascading down over a wisp of silk veiling. Here, they're pink and white; also in black, beige, all-white, a host of pastels. $5.95 ppd. Wilco Fashions, 35 South Park Avenue, Rockville Centre, N. Y.



Firm grip on the wheel: women's driving gloves of supple deerskin—in a practical (i.e., washable) white. Also: beige, black, cork. Sizes 6 to 8. $3.95 ppd. A'Delman Glove, P.O. Box 175, Dept. 4F, Gloversville, N. Y.



The heart shape—newest way to wear spring's smooth, cap coiffure. The hair echoes faithfully the contours of the head—yet gives an illusion of height.
Alex Coiffures D'Art, 11 East 57th St., New York 22.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

A 1960 kind of hour glass:
this sinuous timepiece
from Italy is green above
the bottleneck, rose below—
a situation that should
be reversed every 15 minutes.
10″ tall, $10.50. Bonnier,
605 Madison Ave.. N. Y. 22.



MIEHLMANN

An egg of rose quartz—
or smoky quartz, or snowflake
obsidian—hand-cut and
polished, resting on a
gold-plated, sterling silver
stand. 4″ high. $30 inc. tax, ppd.
Amethyst or jade egg, $35.
International Gem.
15 Maiden Lane, New York 38.



New use for burlap:
a tote-all, with lagniappe fringe,
for shopping, knitting,
beach trips. Blue on one side,
green on the other;
or in black and brown; orange
and scarlet. 17″ x 15″.
$3.25 ppd. Inca Imports,
225 West 86th St., New York 24.



Seasoning streamlined:
these salt and pepper shakers
from Japan are shaped like
tear drops, the pepper drop
slightly smaller than the salt.
Of lightweight red, white, or
black lacquerware. $2.65 set ppd.
Here's How, 95 5th Ave.. N. Y. 3.



The tank suit dress, pooling its
stripes on a sheath of knitted
cotton. In turquoise and white;
red and white; or rope-beige
and white; each with belt to
match. S., M., L., $12.25 ppd.
French Boot Shop,
541 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.





Powdered Rouge

"another Jon Pierre exclusive"

The newest—most exciting—revolutionary way to achieve a soft natural flush. This feather-lite powdered rouge is encased in a gleaming golden dispenser. No guess work, dispenses the exact amount for each application. Gone forever that harsh over-rouged look. Here at last color as nature intended, soft and warm yet subtle and glowing. In Blush Pink, Coral and Red Blaze.

Powdered Rouge $3.50 incl. fed. tax

Write to Dept. VR 1, 42 WEST 57 ST., N.Y.C. 19

Jon Pierre
creator of custom cosmetics



a step ahead . . . into the past

SHOOK DESIGNS

A FRESH APPROACH TO NEEDLEPOINT! Create heirlooms with your own hands with limited-edition designs for pillows, bags, chair seats, etc. Each set, complete with original design on imported canvas, Persian yarns, explicit directions. Shown: 16″ gaily-colored watermelon pillow; kit, 20.00. Check or money order, no C.O.D.'s. Brochure with Spring Additions, 25¢.

JANET SHOOK DESIGNS DEPT. 2- V • P.O. BOX 6002 • SAN ANTONIO 9, TEXAS

PET LAMB . . . PET DRESS!



Adorable "Go-Everywhere" dress of washable blue-and-white gingham. *Mary had a little lamb* in white on red linen belt. Exclusively ours: 3-6X, $14.95; 7-8-10, $17.95. Add 40¢ for P.P.

Jean Gale inc.

535 Madison Ave., at 54 St., N. Y.



Beautiful Turban

Handmade of narrow velvet ribbon of every conceivable color combined with narrow straw braid. Can be worn with any color wardrobe. Crushable. Adjusts to all head sizes.

$29.50 prepaid

Wade Merrill

17 West 55 St., N. Y. PL 7-1755



Shoes Rebuilt and Restyled Like New

Please your purse and ease your feet by sending worn or out-of-date shoes to the Nelson Company for complete rebuilding. Women's shoes rebuilt $7.50, men's for $8.50. Send complete instructions with the shoes. Enclose check or money order—add 95¢ for shipping.

Some of our many services:

- ☐ New heels—any style..$4.50
  reptile, gold or silver $6.50
- ☐ Toes opened $4.95
- ☐ Cut down vamps, relieves instep soreness; or rebinding to overcome gapping.....$4.50
- ☐ Dyeing, any color—
  fabric $2.95
  leather $4.95
- ☐ Remove platforms, incl. new soles, heels balanced $9.95
- ☐ Convert to sling straps $8.95

B. Nelson Co. 10 E. 39 St., Dept. A New York 16, N. Y.





IT'S TIME TO TAN . . NOW!

GET AN EARLY START . . . AND KEEP YOUR TAN!

SUN FLECTOR is scientifically designed to "capture" the sun & tan you evenly, quickly, thoroughly. This ingenious invention knows no season: its gleaming metallized sides intensify the sun's rays & induce a healthful beautiful tan *even on cool days*. Equally effective with sun lamp. New exclusive Tan-O-Matic feature now makes it possible to attain even better results than ever before. On terrace, rooftop, backyard or beach, SUN FLECTOR will give you a radiant tan & *keep it glowing all year round*. KINGSIZE SUN FLECTOR (for 2 adults) with Tan-O-Matic is 7½′ x 5′ x 18″ high, folds for easy toting. Panels are gaily striped & fortified with heavy binding. Order now for one of the earliest, the best, & the most attractive tans you've ever seen.

$7.98 postpaid

Regular Sun Flector: Same as above but 5′ x 2½′ x 18″ (for 1 adult) ..... $4.98 postpaid

Prompt shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order.

Hobi
DEPT. V30, FLUSHING 52, NEW YORK

"Out, damned spot! out, I say!" . . . Wm. Shakespeare



FADE THEM OUT

Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, makes hands look white and young again. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Not a cover-up. *Acts in the skin—not on it.* Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes.

SEND NO MONEY—7 DAYS TRIAL TEST

Send name and address. Pay only $2.00 on arrival plus C.O.D. postage and tax on guarantee you must be satisfied with first results or return remaining ESOTERICA for money back. Or save money. Send $2.20 which includes tax and we pay postage. Same guarantee.

MITCHUM COMPANY, Dept. 7-C, PARIS, TENN.
(Canada $2.25) 557 Pape Ave., Toronto 6, Ont.

See Your WAISTLINE VANISH!



REGULAR OR PANTY STYLE

"VANISHETTE" the HIGH WAIST Girdle for HIGH FASHION CHIC

"Magic Lastic Waist Band" will INSTANTLY Vanish 4 inches OFF YOUR WAIST.

It's Light as a Feather

In complete comfort, "Vanishette," gently but firmly trims your torso into pencil-slim lines. Made of nylon two way power knit, it can't curl, roll or pinch. No digging, sticking bones. Washes like a dream . . . dries in a jiffy. It's exquisitely tailored . . . truly a beauty to behold. Regularly $18.00. Now ONLY $7.98 Black, White, Pink.

Sizes: Small (24-26) Medium (27-28) Large (29-30) Also Plus Sizes 31 to 52 $8.98

WILCO FASHIONS Dept. MA 49C
33 S. Park Ave., Rockville Centre, N. Y.

☐ Send "Vanishette" C.O.D. I'll pay $_____ plus postage.
☐ I enclose $_____. YOU pay postage.
SIZE_____ COLOR_____
☐ Regular_____ ☐ Panty_____
NAME (print)_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.
(SAVE approx. 75¢ by sending check or m.o.)

SHOP HOUND

. . . gets a line on spring

SHANNON



New, high-polish version of a current coiffure success: the hair, soufflèed into height at the crown, falls, in a soft motion, cheekward, has close, tuck-in fit at the nape of the neck. Berthold, 61 W. 55th St., New York 19.

Botanical lazy susan, an herb grower of white plastic, with pots, five packets of seeds—e.g., chervil, chives, coriander, shallots, savoury—and a quantity of Black Magic "soil". $8.75 ppd. Roger Barber, 2497 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 4, California.



MIEHLMANN



Red appliqué whales submerged in a sea of blue and white pin stripes: from a sew-it-yourself sun dress kit that includes buttons, thread, cotton fabric with pattern printed in washable ink on the wrong side. Sizes 2, 4, 6. $2.75 ppd. Lida Brown, 18 E. 60th St., N. Y. 22.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED



You can make your "bit of earth" the exotic showplace of the neighborhood

THE ART OF THE JAPANESE GARDEN

By Tatsuo Ishimoto, author of *The Art of Flower Arrangement,* etc. The designing of the Japanese garden is an art that has evolved over 14 centuries. In this new book a famous oriental horticulturist shows you how to combine the basic, traditional Japanese elements of stone, water, simple fencing and permanent planting in your own American garden to create a lovely landscape that will enchant through all seasons, year after year. The 200 exquisite photographs were taken by the author in Japan.

Only $2.95. Order from Crown Publishers, Dept. J15, 419 4th Avenue, N. Y. 16. Save postage by remitting now. Refund in 10 days if not delighted.

Fashion and Comfort for the Narrow to Very Wide Foot with *Silhouettes*

by FASHION-BILT



SIZES 4 to 11 AA to EEE

STEEL SHANK ARCH SUPPORT With the IDEAL WALKING HEEL

THE PAT with Halter
Stylish Black Patent, Black Calf or White Calf.

THE VOGUE with Bow
Choice of smart Bone, Black Patent, Black Calf, Blue, White, Red, Brown

Order Now for Easter
Money-Back Guarantee

Immediate Delivery

ORDER BY MAIL

THE SHOE BOX 32 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Please send me....prs. of PATS....VOGUES....
COLOR..... SIZE..... WIDTH.....
I'm enclosing $..... check or money order (no C.O.D.'s) Sizes 4 to 10, $9.95 pr. Sizes 10½ and 11, $10.95 pair. If you live in Michigan add 3% sales tax.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____



The other 50 weeks are richer for the 2 you spend abroad!

Beauty Note: The soft green hills of the Cotswolds were never lovelier. And Pan Am's *Intercontinental* Jet Clippers* can fly you to England this spring in only 6½ magic hours. If you march to the sound of a different drummer, and enjoy the unusual, the unspoiled out-of-the-way places, let Pan Am take you to a completely *different* world—yet so close to home. Ask your Travel Agent to book you on Pan Am's deluxe *President Special* service . . . or call Pan Am, World's Most Experienced Airline.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



You look *Wonderful* all the time...

When you select a dry cleaner with the same care you select fine clothes, you look wonderful all the time. His professional skill, and his exclusive *Sanitone* Soft-Set® Dry Cleaning enables him to keep the fine clothes you buy looking and feeling as fresh and soft as the day you bought them . . . colors sparkle, patterns revive, fabrics retain their original shape and texture.



Call your Sanitone Dry Cleaner—he can be the best friend your clothes ever had. Look him up in the yellow pages of your phone book.

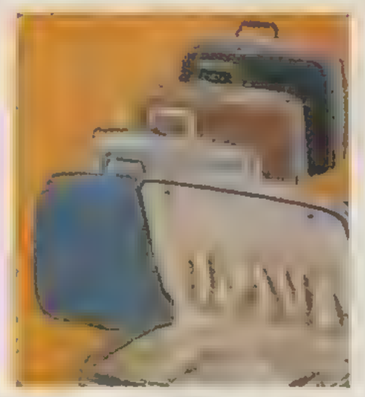
Silk Suit Tailored by Handmacher

SANITONE DRY CLEANING SERVICE
A Division of Emery Industries, Inc., Carew Tower, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

In Canada
EMERY INDUSTRIES LTD.
639 Nelson St. • London, Ontario

3-PIECE SET FOR LADIES, $90.00 O'NITE, $25.00 WARDROBE, $40.00 BEAUTY CASE, $25.00

Bravissimo! The smart set applauds *the* "smart set" — Silhouette — world's loveliest luggage! Perfectly suited to travel . . . molded of vinyl-covered magnesium . . . light, strong, scar 'n mar resistant. Hidden locks can't spring open. Inside space is planned with genius . . . clothes *stay* unmussed! For women: Dover White, Biscayne Blue, Platinum Grey, Oxford Grey. For men: Desert Tan, Oxford Grey.



Elegant magnesium luggage without a lock in sight

Silhouette by Samsonite

© 1960 Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver, Colo. Makers of Samsonite Folding Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada through Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario. Prices slightly higher.



Now I've learned a way
to have nice nails again...

RESTORE BRITTLE NAILS TO NATURAL BEAUTY! Cracking, splitting nails return to natural shapeliness with ease—the *medically proved* Knox way. Just drink one envelope (about 5¢) of Knox Gelatine every day in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water. Clinical tests, using Knox and only Knox, report success for 7 out of 10 women. Mostly within 3 months. This simple habit works as long as you keep it up. Start today!



KNOX UNFLAVORED GELATINE

ALL PROTEIN—NO SUGAR

Beauty is protein

For lovely hair, skin, fingernails, and all round well-being you need adequate protein. Knox Unflavored Gelatine is all protein, a helpful supplementary food.

© 1960 Knox Gelatine, Inc., Johnstown, N.Y.

Night plan for living out of a suitcase

SHANNON



New travel ration of mauve-pink: a robe that's opaque, lightweight, washable—all of this, good planning for any itinerary. The price tag makes pleasant reading, too. The fabric is rayon poplin: soft, impeccably tailored, piped in raspberry—details equally tempting to the house-bound. Made, and finished by hand, in Hong Kong, for Loungees; $9. At Macy's.



Because a dress can talk

THOUGH it never says a word it tells the world about its owner. It speaks of her likes and dislikes—her poise and her way of life. And a dress—for example this one—says her taste in clothes is excellent.

Without a word you can see that her elegant jacket dress ensemble is made from new Enka Sheer "45"—the chiffon that owes its beauty to Enka prestige rayon yarn. It has a look of elegance and luxury that is derived from Enka Sheer "45"'s full body and soft hand. And you know that this lovely dress will keep its wearer looking crisp and cool from spring thaw through summer heat.

The Enka Sheer "45" fabric for this smart jacket dress is by Pickwick Prints. The dress is styled with easy flared skirt, high scoop neck detailed with fagoting. Jacket is waist-length with curved tuxedo revers. It comes in blue or gray abstract floral print. Sizes 12½ to 24½. About $40 at Marshall Field, Chicago; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Gus Mayer Co., New Orleans; B. Altman, New York; Livingston's, San Francisco. Or write:

DRESS BY YOUNG VIEWPOINT

American Enka Corp., 530 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y. • Producer of rayon • nylon • yarns • fibers



VOGUE PATTERNS

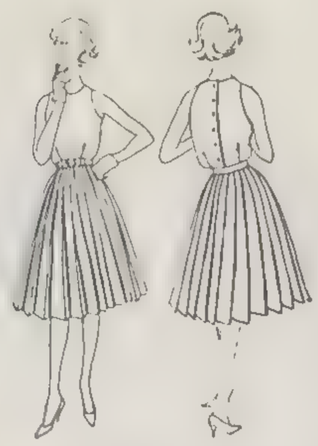
(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 126-129)



9911



9825

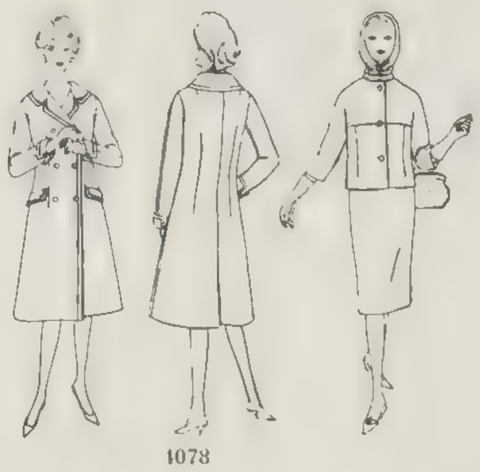


9727

Top three sketches: Sleeveless dress, high or V back. Vogue Pattern 9911, sizes 10 to 18. Size 14: 2⅛ yds. 45" material. 75¢.
Left, above: Cowl-neck dress, Vogue Pattern 9825, in sizes 10 to 20. Size 14 needs 4⅜ yards of 39" material. Price, $1.
Right, above: Dress shown with triangle scarf, Vogue Pattern 9727, sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires ⅝ yards 45" material for bodice, 2⅝ yards 48" material for skirt. 75¢. (Scarf, 1 yd. of each fabric.)



1028



1078

Left, above: Suit with blouse and separate hood, Vogue Pattern 4028, in sizes 10 to 16, 9 to 15. In size 14, for suit: 2½ yards 54" material; for blouse and hood: 2⅜ yards 39" material. $1.50.
Right, above: Coat with black edging, Vogue Pattern 4078, sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 takes 4¾ yards of 39" material. Price $1.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.

BAROQUE À LA FRANÇAISE by *Richelieu*®
Designer Collection

FRESH WATER COLOSSAL BAROQUES—majestic magnificence of oversized baroque simulated pearls. Dramatic in their simplicity... flattering slender sides tapered to massive profusion. On Model: 3-strand choker, $10; 3-strand longer length, $15. Single strands from $3; earrings, from $2; bracelets, from $3. At better stores everywhere. All prices plus tax

the Richelieu label is your guarantee


Fleurs de Rocaille
Caron
ROCAILLE DE CARON
FIRST IN FRANCE · FIRST IN AMERICA

© Caron, 1959

VOGUE

MARCH 15, 1960

Vogue's-eye view of

Paris copies

There's only one Paris to copy, and when it comes to copying with quick, engaging skill . . . theres' only one U.S.A. Together these fashion talents add up to good news for American women. As of this minute—a packed fortnight after Vogue's first Paris Collections report—Paris clothes are ready in replica across the country at an assortment of prices as varied as the designs; some clothes appear at on-with-the-new and damn-the-torpedoes prices; others, at solid round figures that spell fashion investment on a long-term basis. In other words, you pay your money and you take your choice. . . . Twenty-four choices illustrated here and on the next eighteen pages. Whichever way you play the Paris copy game—and actually we think it should be played both ways—there's the excitement that goes with the reviving pleasure of the new fashions from the great French designers.

For instance, Chanel—on a new suit kick now with closer jackets, and a flash of pleats. *Right,* Chanel's faintly plaided suit of red wool with a small roll of collar, box pleats that begin at the psychological moment—just below the hips. Worn with a red camellia in the hair, chains of gilt and bogus diamonds clanking blissfully at the neck. Copy, in America at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Originals imported by Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus.



SCHATZBERG



Paris copies here and now

fashion ...are you with it?

At some point or other—quite often it's early spring—almost every woman we know has a sudden surge of fashion ennui, a gentle melancholy suspicion that she's not with it, that things are passing her by. Or possibly that she is passing them by. The cure may be a quick one, or it may take time; what it involves is thought, deadpan self-analysis, and a fresh careful look at the fashion news. Then some unblinking decisions about when you're with it, when you're not. As of March, 1960, these are the ways to tell. . . . First, the matter of hair; it simply ought not to be too curly. The mad-tendrils school of coiffure that came in with Gina Lollobrigida has quite calmed down, leaving in its place a variety of soft, round shapes, but smooth, brushed-into-line shapes. *Or*, it's quite within fashion-reason to have one of the short twentyish coifs launched again by Galanos (see Vogue, March 1), a longish glamour bob, or a high-in-the-sky beehive. . . . Next, the matter of the princess dress and coat shape that whirled through the Paris Collections; this is the moment to consider *you* in relation to *it*, and vice versa; for hips it's marvellous; for midriffs—maybe. . . . Suits, to show they're with it, are apt to be collarless or have standaway collars that bare the throat, and more often than not, it will be *left* bare. No 1960 suit fits closely; some have (*Continued on page 78*)

Ricci's "Baltimore," *left*, a new and wonderful way to look at night. A little rim of collar stands way away from the throatline of a brief black silk jacket worn, with a white silk camisole, over a cloche of skirt. New props for Paris *and* Baltimore: the gypsy hoops of rhinestones so fraught with meaning they're all the jewels this look needs. Copy in America, by Blauner, at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. The very Paris coiffure—uncurly hair, piled high—by Charles of the Ritz.

Chanel's new pleat life for black chiffon—a pretty progression of tiers from bare décolletage to hem. Original and copies at Henri Bendel. Copies, also at Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

WILLY RIZZO





Paris copies here and now

fashion... are you with it?

new little pull-over, polo-shirt tops or middies with a look of nonchalance. Jackets stop, for the most part, at the jut of the hipbone. . . . The newest coat to have is seven-eighths long, and pale, possibly pale blue or pale pink; it may well show its avant-garde tendencies by having a skirt to match. . . . About hats: A big romancy hat will prove you're definitely with it, especially if you wear it with a strict, stark little suit. . . . There's a new kind of gypsy in fashion, terribly tidy and not at all given to foot-stamping or shook-up hair, but with a pleasant gaiety in the matter of hoop earrings (some jewelled, some not) and triangle scarfs (especially good when they're plunged adroitly into the neck of a sweater, tied neatly at the back). . . . One lipstick with a brown note means you're with it. . . . With it, again: very long gloves, many versions. . . . Sleeves reduced to a minimum, or missing altogether—that's dress news. . . . Flowing, dazzling culottes to wear at home are more with it than pants right now. . . . Pale colours are with it—beige, jonquil yellow, pale blue, mauve, or white at any hour of the day, in any city in the world. And black and white has put on another of its famous bursts of speed, proving all over again that bandwagon fashions can also be sound investments. . . . The sootier and more slumbrous your eyelashes look this spring, the more with it you are; in fact, some of the most alluring creatures we've seen lately appear to be in the midst of an adorable struggle to lift up their lids. . . . Pleats are with it, and they can start wherever they're nicest to your figure—say, below the hips. . . . Waistlines are with it, and then again they're not; some of the biggest fashion excitement goes on about dresses that slip down over the natural waistline to belts knotted bonelessly just below it. When they're good for a figure, they're very, very good, but they're not, in the way of things now, compulsory fashion. Just there for the taking. . . . Really big pearls, pearls the size of agate marbles, mean the women wearing them are with it; at their best these pearls are big, baroque, and cultured. . . . Any woman who has an eye peeled for point d'esprit up to unexpected tactics—a blouse slipped into a tailored suit, for example—is not only with it, she's two jumps ahead. . . . With summer in the offing, some fashion brains have already ordered their cotton suits to wear everywhere. . . . They're the women who are wearing big pins in threes now. . . . And they may already be pondering an autumn that begins with a coat or jacket of panther, wolverine, or jaguar. . . . If that seems not only with it, but beyond it, it's the moment to settle down and check skirt lengths: not more than two inches below the knee; slightly shorter for full-skirted, frankly giddy short evening dresses; *or*—for the truly experimental—the between length of the Chanel evening dress shown on page 93.

Goma's navy-blue dress of Orlon-and-silk, *above*, which might be the first thing on a spring list of fashion with a high-frequency range. White camellias at waist. Copy by Leonard Arkin, in America at Lord & Taylor; Bramson's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

Ricci's "Toledo"—black silk with a blade of lilies of the valley cleaving its typically Ricci décolletage. The ribbon-wide straps were part of this year's Paris plot to eliminate sleeves. Copy, by Blauner at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Dayton's; Frost Bros.

WILLY RIZZO





Paris copies here and now

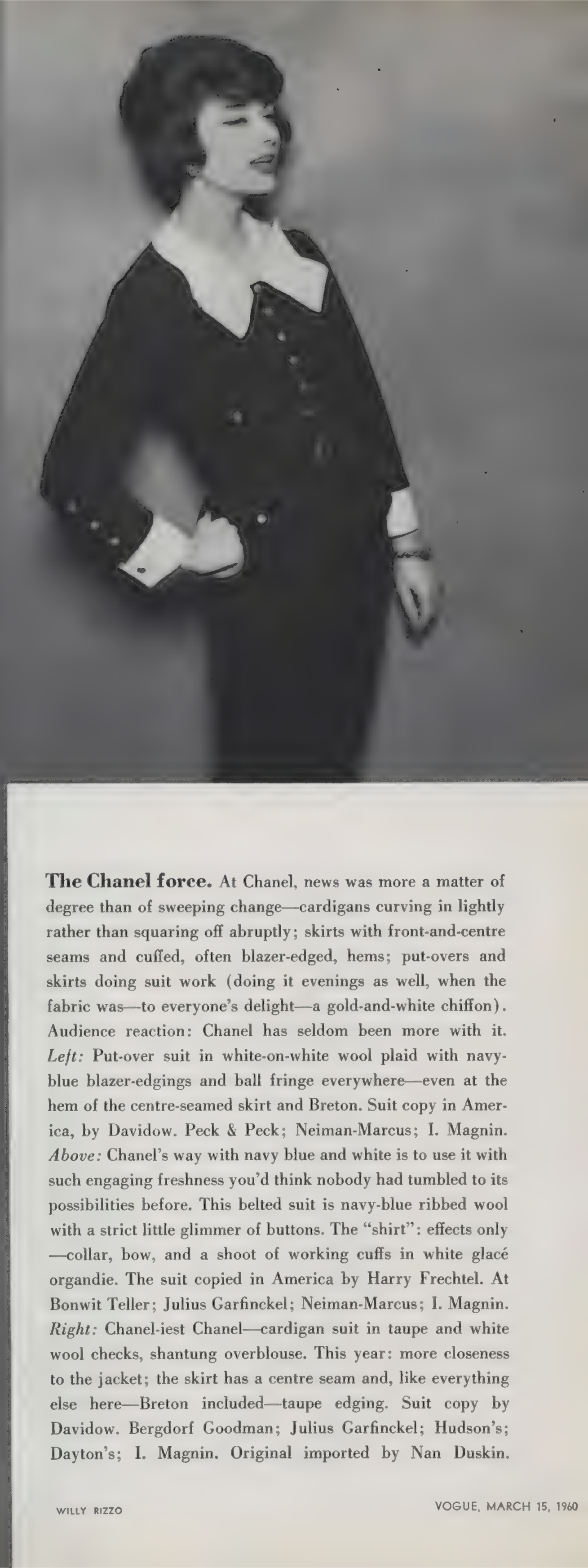
Dior's late-day proof, *left,* that you *can* combine the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove, if you have the right Mixmaster: this black silk cocktail dress—at once disarmingly young and agreeably worldly. Rounded cloche skirt; high décolleté top, square as a bib, with narrow straps that split over the shoulders and tie in bows; leather belt. Hat of white horsehair inundated with white flowers. Dress, copied by Blauner: in America at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.

Dior's dinner tunic, *right:* a delightfully simple matter of a short-sleeved, scoop-necked tunic slipped over a straight skirt—or so it appears; actually, it's all part of the same one-piece dress, in black textured silk. Set just under the high bustline is a bow, centred by a jewel. The hat worn with it is a fez of Burmese pink violets. Dress, imported by and copied for Saks Fifth Avenue, in America. Copies, also at Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.

WILLY RIZZO







The Chanel force. At Chanel, news was more a matter of degree than of sweeping change—cardigans curving in lightly rather than squaring off abruptly; skirts with front-and-centre seams and cuffed, often blazer-edged, hems; put-overs and skirts doing suit work (doing it evenings as well, when the fabric was—to everyone's delight—a gold-and-white chiffon). Audience reaction: Chanel has seldom been more with it. *Left:* Put-over suit in white-on-white wool plaid with navy-blue blazer-edgings and ball fringe everywhere—even at the hem of the centre-seamed skirt and Breton. Suit copy in America, by Davidow. Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Above:* Chanel's way with navy blue and white is to use it with such engaging freshness you'd think nobody had tumbled to its possibilities before. This belted suit is navy-blue ribbed wool with a strict little glimmer of buttons. The "shirt": effects only—collar, bow, and a shoot of working cuffs in white glacé organdie. The suit copied in America by Harry Frechtel. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Right:* Chanel-iest Chanel—cardigan suit in taupe and white wool checks, shantung overblouse. This year: more closeness to the jacket; the skirt has a centre seam and, like everything else here—Breton included—taupe edging. Suit copy by Davidow. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Original imported by Nan Duskin.

WILLY RIZZO

Paris copies here and now





Paris copies here and now



Dior's little suit essential, *far left*, tailored to hum through years. This season's turn of the suit: the pull-over blouse short-clipped, the hips rounded. The dress and the jacket are of grey-and-white wool chip tweed. Copy, by Harry Frechtel, at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Original imported by Nan Duskin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

Balmain's quintessence of a dress, *left*—simple, elegant, beautiful; its authority irresistible. Of navy-blue crêpe de Chine, with soft sprays of front-draping above and below the satin cummerbund belt. Hat of point d'esprit—a Balmain clue this season. Dress, imported by and copied in America for Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson.

News strip of Paris hats, *right*—copied to order in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

WILLY RIZZO



Lanvin Castillo: white-walled Panama



Balmain: pheasant on tulle turban



Lanvin Castillo: white flower climax

Lanvin Castillo: coffee-colour Panama



Paris copies here and now



Ricci: New gypsy fortune for black chiffon—a dress with full pleated skirt, hemmed with a stiffened band that holds sway in a walk, a jacket with notched collar, one button. Gypsyisms here: a big bamboo-coloured hat, black on its shady side; a pearl and ruby necklace; big hoop earrings. Dress and jacket, copied in America at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Matta: For a visit to a small evening, a black wool dress that hangs from a drawstring like a loose, narrow curtain. At each shoulder strap, a bow. The hat, white organdie with a green rose. Dress, copied in America at Elizabeth Arden.

Griffe: Day dress that's young but not sticky about it—navy-blue silk taffeta with white magnified collar, a bow at front. Other youngnesses: a small waist, patent-leather belted; a full skirt. Artichoke hat of blue straw. Copy in America at Saks Fifth Avenue.

SCHATZBERG







Paris copies here and now



Ricci: The short-sleeved coat in cherry-red wool, *far left*, with these news flashes—the shortest short sleeves, low collar and bow, stand-away shape that hovers around a figure without touching it. Worn with this here, a widened pillbox hat of pale straw. Coat, copied in America by Dan Millstein for Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Famous-Barr; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Ricci: His gypsy ideas—red silk scarf, bangled hoop earrings, big red Panama hat; all worn with a suit of white silk ottoman, *left*. The linear features: a gentle curve to the waist, a rounded sleeve, flaring skirt. Suit, copied in America at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.

Laroche: The short-sleeved coat in bright orange; here of Orlon-and-wool (Lesur fabric), *right*, slightly pear-shaped at front, with small collar standing away from the neck. At back, the pear-shape becomes a cape-shape. Coat copied in America for I. Magnin.

Hervé Dubly

Paris copies here and now



Lanvin Castillo's irresistible evening-logic, *right:* yards and yards of something floaty are a feeling as well as a dress. This, red silk organza with a flutter of pleats, a stole hovering about. The original model and copies in America at Henri Bendel, Copies, also at Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin.

Heim, *centre*, made this point in silk shantung: three colours at a clip count as much for a figure's morale as the wiliest seaming or scissoring. Chartreuse bodice, obi-wrapped over an ankle-length bell of dark blue; profile train of chartreuse and turquoise. Copy: Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson.

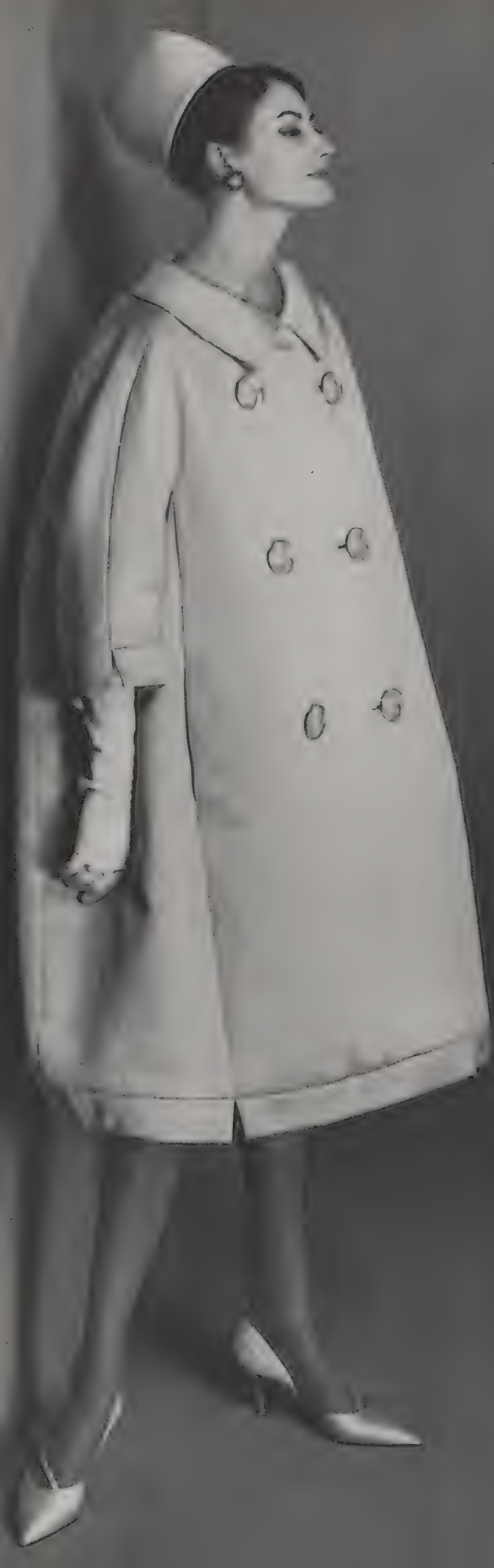
Dessès' swizzle of pale silk chiffon, *far right*, that drapes and twists—and doesn't skip a single curve that counts. The stole, wafting—but not away; it's moored to one side of the dress. Imported and copied by Saks Fifth Avenue.





WILLY RIZZO

Hervé Dubly




Paris copies here and now



Dior's melon coat, *far left:* an evening coat of pink silk ottoman with a prettily rounded melon shape, a cuffed hem, three-quarter sleeves—the hem and sleeves, notched. With it, a domed melon-like fez of the same pink silk ottoman. Coat, copied in America, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Dior's ladderback dress, *centre:* a short dinner dress that has a scooped, round neck in front, then takes a backward plunge—the back, held together by criss-crossed bands, bows. Made of silk ottoman, in one of the pale, warm apricots that abounded in this year's collections. Copy, in America at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Chanel's up-and-down hemline, *right:* romantic black chiffon dancing dress, longer in back than in front—though the difference is hard to spot, there's so much movement in the full, swirling skirt. A black satin ribbon ties under the bust and falls to the hemline, passing a narrow streak of black satin belt en route. Dress, copied in America at Saks Fifth Avenue.

WILLY ROZO

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The flutter of biographies of possible presidential candidates with, at the moment, books on John Kennedy leading in number: the most effective, *John Kennedy* by James MacGregor Burns who analyzes not just the famous Kennedy family anecdotes, but all the Senator's voting stances, including fence sitting, and ends by describing him as a "serious, driven man, about as casual as a cash register, who enjoys the organizational, technical part of politics but not the stumping; if there is anything he dislikes more than the liberal stereotypes, it is the conservative ones." . . . The French Riviera sidewalk stands selling twenty-five-cent crêpes suzette, the size of long-play records—just like the ones, Grand Marnier and all, at the Chicago Fair in 1949.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fascination of Dorothy Stickney alone on the stage in *A Lovely Light*, doing a curious interior biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay only from her poems and her letters—amusing, tender, knowing, anguished, angry; a performance without impersonation but necessitating those beautiful old-fashioned words, skill, beauty, soul. . . . The constructed paintings, firm and satisfying, by Cleve Gray who uses, superbly, his whites, his translucent, dissolving greys in his new series of rather big works which includes "Man with a Scythe" and "Dover Castle," recently on exhibition at New York's Staempfli Gallery. . . . The rather martial song, with drums, "What did Della wear, boys?" sung by Perry Como who answers with a variety of state names, including "she wore a brand new jersey."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The extraordinarily astute collaboration between Samuel Beckett who wrote *Krapp's Last Tape*, Alan Schneider who directed it, and Donald Davis who plays the sole rôle, a haunting scoff, using a merciless recorder to play back a young man's pleasures, heard in the greasy, resigned decay of his old age. . . . *Home From the Hill*, the movie made from the excellent William Humphrey novel; it has George Peppard, a nice young man with furry blond eyelashes, who is appallingly kind to animals, and some magnificent photography of a boy, a dog, and a gun. But the film's point becomes overloaded since, for this boy to become a man, he not only has to hunt a wild boar singlehanded, but has also to become an illegitimate father and a revenge murderer. . . . The scratchy, subtle paintings—lonely figures, faceless, but beautifully done by Tom Bostelle at the Bianchini Gallery in New York. . . . *Four Below Strikes Back*, a clever, multiple revue at the Downstairs at the Upstairs—the four with the contagious charms are Nancy Dussault, magnetic and wildly talented, Cy Young, Jenny Lou Law, and George Furth, who, with Miss Law, does a song about Mr. X, "a manufacturer of all those inferior brand X products that are on the market today/ they make napkins that fall off your lap/ chocolate that melts in your hand/. . . . the competition loves us." . . . The brilliance of Kenneth Haigh, thinly handsome, boyish, despairing and contemptuous as the Roman Emperor, pushing limitless power in a limitless way in *Caligula*, the extraordinary Albert Camus play that is so full of witty twisted morality and horror that the plays of Tennessee Williams, in comparison, seem only childish theatrics of depravity.

ANTHONY PERKINS, who seems bent upon filling in a mosaic of the definitive, engaging theatrical Boy, plays the farm boy cursed to wander, in *Greenwillow*, the new Frank Loesser musical with the pleasant, evanescent, sometimes tedious taste of hard candy. Loosely hung upon the novel by B. J. Chute, *Greenwillow* has, besides its quota both of pretty, unstinging love songs and village characters, some of whom seem to have been waiting in the wings since *Brigadoon*, an entrancingly never-never pastoral set. Designed by Peter Larkin, the set changes, sometimes without a pause in the action, from farm to mill to village square, from summer to autumn to winter. The unformed charm of *Greenwillow's* star changes somewhat less frequently than its set: he does helplessness by a lift of the shoulders, a thrust of the head; determination, by a lowering of the brow, a tightening of the chin. Now in his late twenties and still showing no signs of growing into his hands and neck, Anthony Perkins won an Antoinette Perry Award for the great tenderness, the immediacy of his Eugene Gant in *Look Homeward, Angel*, and played as well in a clutch of movies, including *On the Beach* and the new *Tall Story*. Like his Gideon Briggs in *Greenwillow*, all Perkins' boys got troubles. But in *Greenwillow*, no matter what the sources of the waters through which he wades, Anthony Perkins sometimes manages to hint that, although the writers, the director, and the rest of the cast may think him inconsolable, he could, in fact, be succoured by the immediate application of chocolate-chip cookies.

FRIEDMAN-ABELES







Beauty—
how to stay with it

Mrs. Murray Vanderbilt, the beauty whose photograph appears here, rises at seven in the morning (hardly characteristic of what is known to most other women as "the pampered life"). After breakfast with her two young children, she takes them to school, and by half past eight she is in an exercise suit at a gym which she describes as "very tough. . . . Ballet dancers go there to stretch their muscles and unwind."
By tough, Mrs. Vanderbilt does not mean Damon-Runyon-tough, she means rigorous—a full sixty minutes of serious matwork and exercise with machines that set up, by means of steel springs, powerful resistance to strive against.
None of this is easy or ersatz exercise; it's real, and the result, in Mrs. Vanderbilt's case, is a figure as lean and supple as a young swimmer's, and as firm. Although the gym's brainpower, an ornamental man in his seventies, maintains that people who exercise this way can eat anything, Mrs. Vanderbilt cleaves to a simple, uncurious diet theory: "Just watch it. . . . Yoghurt's marvellous for lunch some of the time; steak or liver for dinner. You sort of have to live it, and, of course, it's not as easy as it was five years ago, or *ten* years ago. And the food at other people's houses always seems so delicious." By no means an enemy of good food, Mrs. Vanderbilt entertains often at lunch, and the menu might be, for instance, a feathery salmon mousse with an excellent sauce, wilted spinach salad, served with white wine, and followed by an apple tart for dessert.
(She has been known to have two helpings of sauce.) On a day when house-and-child crises block Mrs. Vanderbilt's eight-thirty foray to the gym, she finds she is less energetic and resilient than usual. ("If I don't get there in the morning, I just never make it, and I could never do exercises at home; I don't know how people manage that.") Besides her régime at the gym *(Continued on page 151)*

MRS. MURRAY VANDERBILT, a slender brunette, with direct, heartbreaker eyes, and a soft, open laugh, works hard at the volunteer business, raising funds for the Henry Street Settlement (of which she is a board member), the Friends of the New York Philharmonic, and the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. Her effectiveness in this rôle is mildly demonstrated by the fact that one man recently gave her, over the telephone, $25,000 for Lincoln Center. At the moment, her desk harbours a battery of work plans for the Institute of International Education, a forty-one-year-old organization which has, among other exchanges, sent the pianist, Van Cliburn, to Moscow and administered the Fulbright Program for graduate students. On March 15, the Institute will have its first benefit ball at the Sheraton East Hotel in New York.



"You need imagination and a strong mental picture"

Mrs. John Simms Kelly, seventh in Vogue's series of fashion personalities



Mrs. John Simms Kelly is a tall, blond young woman with very dark blue eyes, a quick humour, and a lively assortment of interests and enthusiasms. Fashion is one of them—and it dovetails neatly with most of the others. Mrs. Kelly has a clothes-personality that is sharply individual, a knack of putting things together that look wonderful, a strong and perfectly clear idea of what's becoming to her. Since the Kellys live almost entirely in the country—spring and autumn in a revamped boathouse on Long Island, mid-winter months in Nassau, summers generally in the south of France—the things Mrs. Kelly puts together are apt to be her favourite components: well-fitting pants and pull-over tops, collected mainly in France and Italy. These are made in wools and flannels for winter days, silks and shantungs for summer and for Nassau; but there are at least two constants. One, the pants must fit perfectly—even when they're "old greeny corduroys for painting or gardening"—and two, loose little pull-over tops, of wool, silk, jersey or whatever, substitute for shirts, which Mrs. Kelly thinks don't suit her. Besides fashion, her pleasures include decorating, art-collecting, antique-hunting; doing needle point; entertaining; travelling, picking things up as she goes to "feather her nest." *Far left:* Mrs. Kelly on the verandah of her Long Island house, once a boathouse. She wears navy-blue worsted pants made for her on the Riviera, a raspberry wool jacket from Paris, a striped Italian jumper. The boathouse is part of Greentree, the John Hay Whitney place at Manhasset; Ambassador Whitney, a great friend, is a godfather of the Kellys' son, who is named for him. *Near left:* Off to New York for lunch, and some art-gallery-snooping, Mrs. Kelly—hatless, with hair high and bouffant—in a black wool Balenciaga suit, a white wool coat from Givenchy. She does her hair herself, except for professional cutting. *Above:* For late-day, Mrs. Kelly wears her hair in soft, free-falling waves. She designed the two bracelets, and had them made by a jeweller in Naples; gold buckle clasps, interchangeable ropes of lapis-lazuli, coral, turquoise beads. *More on next two pages.*

HENRY CLARKE

Mrs. John Simms Kelly —her fashion personality

One secret of Mrs. Kelly's successful clothes-life is that she applies to it all her interest in and knowledge of art, decorating, and design. The former Catherine Hannon, of Boston, she was taken weekly as a child to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Mrs. Gardner's famous Fenway Court, later visited them constantly on her own. (At sixteen she started collecting Lowestoft tea-caddies.) Later still, she took a course at the Arts Décoratifs in Paris to "learn everything I could about the eighteenth century." She has furnished and decorated the large Long Island house and the tiny, black-and-white house in Nassau entirely herself, picking things up here and there, "fixing them over and jazzing them up." Her tall, pseudo-seventeenth-century dining chairs, bought in rather battered condition at an auction gallery, have fresh, hugely-blue-and-white-checked slip covers tied with blue tapes—an idea that came straight from a photograph in *Connaissance des Arts*. . . . Mrs. Kelly views herself as objectively as she might look at a chair she was about to re-cover, *(Continued on page 149)*

Below: Mrs. Kelly with her three-year-old son, John Hay Whitney Kelly. She wears a pleated skirt and, instead of a jacket, a wide stole of lightweight wool-and-mohair in an enormous brown-and-white plaid, brought to her from Rome by a friend, Mrs. Henry Fonda. This is almost her only country daytime outfit involving a skirt (not pants); she wears it often to Sunday lunch at friends' houses, with a brown wool jersey turtle-neck sweater, also from Italy. John is white-blond, friendly, and chatty, bi-lingually—he has a French mademoiselle.
Directly right: Ready to leave for a ball or an evening party, Mrs. Kelly wears her pale-blue crêpe evening dress by Dior—strapless, with a long overtop, narrow lines—and carries her short sable cape. She stands in the red-carpeted living room of her Long Island house, with its charmingly personal clutter of objects, its long windows (unseen, at left) overlooking the Sound. Above the stone fireplace is a painted map of Long Island and its surrounding waters—almost the only surviving bit of décor from the original boathouse.
Far right, top: For an evening at home, she may wear this black brocade tunic—once part of a two-piece dress by Balenciaga—with narrow black silk pants.
Centre: For summer or the tropics, Mrs. Kelly's daytime outfit is apt to be this, or a variation of it: silk shantung pants, printed silk jersey pull-on top (both, by Pucci—here, in shades of violet); straw hat; and her own invention for preventing sunburned neck—a ski helmet, copied in silk jersey, many colours.
Below: A lifelong devotee of Fortuny's narrow pleated silk tea gowns, Mrs. Kelly often wears this black one for evening, with a pink-and-gold brocade jacket.

HENRY CLARKE





New seal in town—the company it keeps

BEADLE



The name's familiar, but the face of the fur at right hasn't been around in fashion before. The news: seal in the colour that seals are born with —shimmery, butternut-beige—sheared to the flatness of velvet. Here it makes, apart from a charming little toss of jacket, a whole new set of seal-beige liaisons. Among them: a sweater-ribbed beige cloche (Irene of New York); brown worsted jersey dress, plaid on the bias (by Harry Frechtel, at Lord & Taylor); necklace of burnished nugget-beads, by Sandor Goldberger; and a lipstick that's news on its own, Germaine Monteil's Desert Sun with warm brown—repeat, brown—undercurrents. Coat, of natural sheared Russian fur seal: from Ritter Bros. Also at Kaufmann's; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

Left: More of what makes the seal-brown wheels go round. . . . Honey-coloured alligator handbag in a size that a woman could easily become devoted to. By Crown; $120*. Bergdorf Goodman. . . . Continuing clockwise, a glove-y, tongued opera pump on a stacked heel; the colour, bisque brown. $24. At I. Miller Salons. . . . Chamois-coloured gloves of doeskin-finished lambskin, the length in keeping with the jacket-sleeves opposite. $10. By Grandoe. Lord & Taylor. . . . At the glove-tips, a webby gold necklace ringed with cultured pearls (necklace is what we said—agreeably, it splits into bracelets). By Imperial Pearl; $550*. At Bonwit Teller. . . . Flowers to wear in threes—two are turquoise, one coral, and the whole corsage is bogus in a frank and happy way. By Trifari; each pin $10*. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Four-dollar find—plus tax: two three-strand beige necklaces with golden glints. By Dalsheim; each $2*. Arnold Constable. . . . Leaning against the handbag, a square of silk organza —amber, plaided with white and topaz. By Echo; $10. At Altman's.

*PLUS TAX

HORST







New controls for the illusion of beauty

The multiple image here reveals the plan: many lights for one face, all turned on by a new range of colours in foundation, powder, and lipstick. As practically every woman over the age of ten knows, a switch in lipsticks can change her look a good deal—orange with a curry-coloured suit, for instance, helps some women enormously. Now, this kind of switch has been extended to include make-up bases and powders that rocket from just-plain-rosy to mauve, apricot, and azure. The idea, however, is not that you come out painted blue or mauve or apricot; normal skin tones are heightened, missing nuances supplied from the bottle. Mauve warms a pale face, plumps up an angular one; amber and pink make sallow skin or fading tan seem more like sherry and roses. Most heartening of all is the fact that all sorts of fashion effects are possible: if, for example, clouds of beige chiffon are your idea of evening heaven, the make-up effect to strive for is moonglow—concocted in a flash from a warm, pinky foundation, an ethereal dusting of silver powder. Far out? Not at all; to the naked eye the word association is blithe spirit, not silver powder. . . . Behind this break-through are the assembled beauty brains of Revlon, who developed these new controls from their "Ultima" treatment cream, rich in reviving ingredients, with a sheer, clinging quality that makes it a natural for cover-up work that looks pleasantly unpainted.

Left: A new make-up plan that gives a lovely light, illustrated here by vertical rows of faces, each wearing a different foundation colour; each diagonal row wears a different lipstick colour. All from the new Ultima collection at Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Hudson's. More details, page 150.

ERICH LOCKER



New coiffure play: tassel and substance

New this year—the tassel cut, shaped for height, roundness, and a spill of side-swung wave; untricked; uncurly. Essential to this careless effect is the substance of a good permanent wave; in this case, Caryl Richard's Aero-Wave, done with a fast push-button spray that makes for even application. Coiffure by Carita. Both at Henri Bendel.

New blond play: champagne and honey

For the would-be blonde (or would-be blonder), there's no better goal than the look of being born blond. Born yesterday or born tomorrow. Whenever the plunge comes, it can be accomplished now with cooler colouring and a minimum of effort. For type-casting, see the blonde to the left—all honey and champagne without a glint of brass or orange. The rules for this game pivot on a new Clairol hair lightener called—for atmosphere—Ultra Blue. Blue-lighted necklaces playing second stringer to jet beads; both by Scaasi.

You and the Queen of Sheba:

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Harlow Shapley, a short, lively, seventy-four-year-old astronomer of immeasurable distinction, has made countless contributions to his field, notably in showing the dimensions of our galaxy of stars, and by helping to evolve a method to determine the size and shapes of stars. The former director of the Harvard College Observatory, where he sat behind a revolving desk of his own invention, Professor Shapley in his student lectures combined the jovial with the explosive. In the Harvard catalogue, his highly popular undergraduate course on cosmography carried this note: "The only prerequisite . . . is a persistent curiosity." Among his books are* Star Clusters, Flights from Chaos, Climatic Change, Galaxies, *and* Of Stars and Men. *A member of many scientific societies, he has been awarded a variety of honours, including the Pope Pius XI Prize.*

I like numbers, in a playful way. I like counting. The number of sheep that may induce sleep. Or the number of deadly sins—seven of them I believe. They are as soporific as a hundred sheep; each one leads down drowsy avenues of retrospection. Or counting the stars—those "innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes." No, they are not innumerable. In his census of the "tyrants in your iron skies," Tennyson could count only three or four thousand, unless he resorted to gadgetry such as telescopes and photographs. Perhaps they looked uncountable because of their uncertain glimmering at the limit of vision.

To indulge ourselves in numbers in a big way we need to enter the realm of celestial distances, or go down into the microcosmic world of atoms. Why not count the atoms in a single deep breath of the Queen of Sheba, or the thought cells in the forebrain of an Einstein. It can be done. For the queen's breath it would require a thousand men counting one hundred atoms a second eight hours a day not much more than ten billion years.

Our concern here is with only one of the hundred kinds of atoms—the inert atom (and gas) named argon, a Greek word meaning that it is idle, will not work. It will not co-operate in forming compounds, but it does tie us up, in a thought-provoking way, with the dinosaurs, and the Queen of Sheba, and the bombast of Adolf Hitler.

How much of this idle argon is there in our gaseous envelope? An approximate value, is one per cent of our whole atmosphere—that is, 6×10^{13} tons—60,000,000,000,000 tons—sixty thousand billion tons—sixty trillion tons—120 quadrillion pounds—different ways of saying the same thing. The total of argon atoms in the whole atmosphere is the incomprehensible number 10^{42}.

One per cent of your next breath is argon

Since one per cent of your next breath is argon we can determine approximately the number of atoms in that argonic intake. The calculations are really rather simple and straightforward, but to some readers this dizzy arithmetic is repulsive and I shall simply state the result. You are, in your next determined effort to get oxygen to your lungs and tissues, that is, in your next breath, you are taking in 30,000,000,000,000,000,000 atoms of argon; in briefer statement it is 3×10^{19} atoms of argon. (Count the zeros!) A few seconds later you exhale those argon atoms along with quintillions of molecules of carbon dioxide. The plants will appreciate those carbon dioxide molecules and make vital use of them when sunlight and chlorophyll do their magic of putting the carbon into the plant tissues and releasing the oxygen into the air where we breathing animals can again use it for our living.

Now let us follow the career of one argon-flavoured breath—your next exhalation, let us suppose. We shall call it Breath X. It quickly spreads. Exhaled this morning, by nightfall its argon is all over the neighbourhood. In a week it is distributed all over this country; in a month, in all places where winds blow and gases diffuse. By the end of the year the 3×10^{19} argon atoms of Breath X will be smoothly distributed throughout all the free air of the earth. You will be breathing some of these atoms again. A day's breathing a year from now, wherever you are on the earth's surface, will include fifteen of the argon atoms of your single Breath X.

The argon in your morning breath, by night will be all over the neighbourhood

This rebreathing of the argon atoms of past breaths, your own and others, has some picturesque implications. The argon atoms connect us by an airy bond with the past and the future. For instance, if you are more than twenty years old you have exhaled more than a hundred million breaths, each with its appalling number of argon atoms. You contribute so many to the atmospheric bank on which we all draw, that the first little gasp of every baby born on earth this year contained argon atoms that you have breathed. And it is a fact, perhaps macabre, that you have also contributed a bit to the last gasps of the perishing.

Every saint and every sinner of earlier days, and every common man and common beast, have left their argon atoms in the general treasury. Your next breath will contain more than 400,000 tokens (argon atoms) that Gandhi breathed in his long life. Atomic tokens are here with us now from the conversations at The Last Supper, from the arguments of diplomats at Yalta, from the songs of the classic poets, from the sighs and pledges of ancient lovers, from the battle cries at Waterloo, even from the argonic output of the writer of these lines who personally has had more than three hundred million breathing experiments. Our next breaths sample all the snorts, sighs, bellows, shrieks, cheers, and spoken prayers of the historic and geologic past.

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

the breathing link

With every breath you take, argon—an idle, provocative, everlasting atom—ties you up with dinosaurs, the Queen of Sheba, and Brigitte Bardot.

There was a time when very little argon existed in the earth's atmosphere, and practically no free oxygen at all. That was some billions of years ago. The oxygen has been built up to its present abundance by the breathing of green plants, and the argon has grown over the millennia to its present one per cent as the result of the decay of one kind of potassium of the rocks. That radioactive decay steadily goes on; in five billion years there will be in our atmosphere about twice as much argon as now.

As little as a hundred million years ago (the Age of Reptiles) there was nearly as much argon as at present, and there were thousands of kinds of breathing animals trafficking in air. They, too, spread the inert argon atoms. They left us their atomic tokens. In your forthcoming breaths you will pump in and out untold millions of atoms that were spread by the snorts of fighting dinosaurs, and by the squeaks and squeals of the primitive rat-like mammals. Our air-breathing ancestors are, in a sense, with us now. As to the future—as long as animals of any kind roam this planet they will be, by one method or another, inhaling some of our own noble gas.

Two British scientists discover argon

The discovery of argon and the other inert elements is worth recounting. For more than a century the chemists have known that the earth's envelope of air is composed mostly of just two gases, nitrogen and oxygen. But the research of Lord Rayleigh and Sir William Ramsay indicated that there must be something else. Those gifted British scientists had noted, of course, that in the air there is some water vapour, mostly in the clouds; also a slight amount of carbon dioxide from animal breathing and from the breath of volcanoes; but that pollution did not amount to much in the sum total of the earth's atmosphere. The H_2O (water) and CO_2 (carbon dioxide) could be removed for experimental work. When dry clean air was analyzed they found that about one per cent of the whole atmosphere could be attributed to a transparent gas theretofore unknown. Isolating and analyzing this residue, they announced that the new element is inert, that its atoms are about forty times as heavy as hydrogen atoms, and that the gas is a part of all air, diffused over the earth's surface and probably up a hundred miles and more to the top of the atmosphere. Of necessity this gas is involved in all animal breaths, along with nitrogen and oxygen.

The inert gases, called the noble atoms

Ramsay and his colleagues pursued their study of air and eventually found in extremely small quantities the other inert gases—helium, neon, krypton, and xenon. They were called the noble atoms—perhaps because of the traditional aloofness and idleness of the nobility?

Nitrogen is not very active in combining with other kinds of atoms to form compounds, it is semi-inert, but oxygen is tremendously active in atomic associations. It is a most democratic element, joining up in myriads of ways, and indispensable for animal life. It is the oxygen of the air that we seek so desperately in our cyclic breathing. Without our continual intake of oxygen for one phase of our bodily chemistry, we would be finished off in a few minutes. Nitrogen does not help, and the argon is completely useless. With each breath it just goes along for the ride. Eliminate it from the earth's atmosphere and we air-breathing animals would take no notice whatever of its absence.

Thanks to the mobility of gases, the winds at the earth's surface keep the atmosphere thoroughly stirred up and in motion. Here today, gone tomorrow, are the atoms that we are now breathing. The atomic mixture remains uniform with respect to the three main components: nitrogen 75 per cent, oxygen 23 per cent, argon 1 per cent.

Back to the number game I began with. We get from the astronomers (celestial mechanicians) the information that the small planet Earth has a mass of six thousand million trillion tons. That mass includes oceans, lakes, rivers, and the atmosphere. About one millionth is atmosphere, which therefore would weigh in at the earth's surface as a robust six thousand trillion tons. Or we could express that number as six million billion tons. Or we could use the more compact terminology and say that the tonnage is 6×10^{15}, which means 6 followed by 15 zeros. Some of that tonnage is our aforementioned idle gas.

Now, a little more about atoms in general.

I am being fair enough I believe, if I invite you to serious thought about the underworld of atoms, for we are living in the amazing atomic age. We are, or should be, atom-minded. While undergoing experiment, the uranium atom broke down in our laboratories twenty years ago and we now have, as a result of its splitting, the A-bomb, the atom-fuelled submarine, some atom-produced electric cur- *(Continued on page 154)*

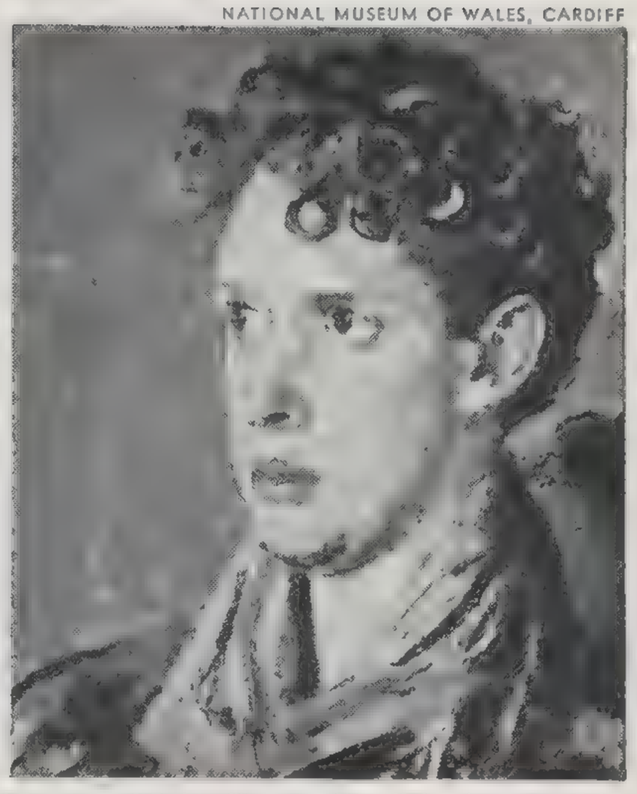




PENN

THE GREAT WELSH POET: DYLAN THOMAS

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES, CARDIFF



"Portrait of Dylan Thomas, Esq.," by Augustus John

BY GILBERT HIGHET

There is an old, old prophecy, made about the people of Roman Britain fifteen centuries ago, when the invasions of the pagan Germanic tribes from northern Europe began. Perhaps a Druid conceived it. It says:

"Their tongue they shall keep,
Their land they shall lose,
Except wild Wales."

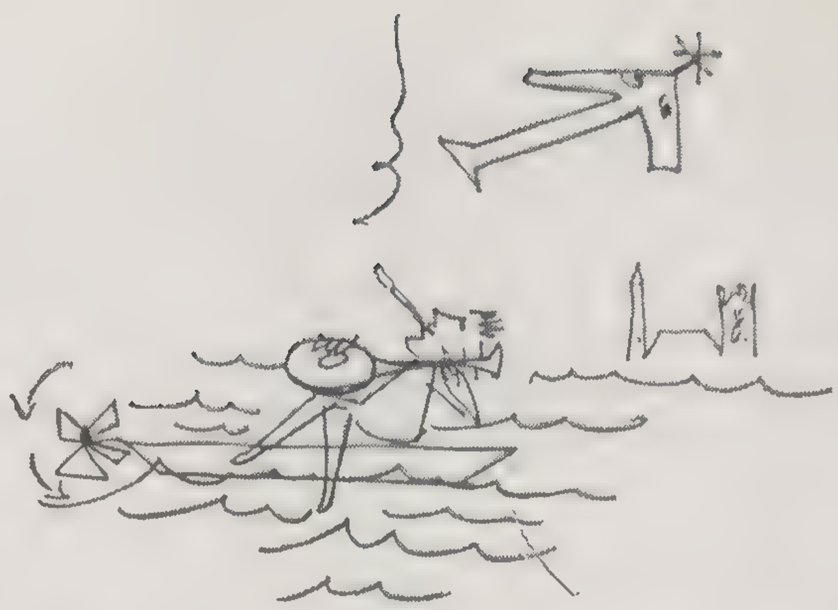
The prophecy was only partially fulfilled. The ancient Britons, who were mainly Celts, managed to survive in Cornwall also, in Ireland and in Scotland (still speaking Gaelic), and even across the narrow seas in Brittany. Still, Wales was the strongest southern fortress of the ancient British culture which flourished before the English arrived. To this day it is a land full of antique customs and long-established habits of thought, where it is not difficult to think oneself back two thousand years or more into the past. Wales is both modern and ancient. You can watch the miners coming up from a pit furnished with modern equipment, and hear them swear at one another in a tongue which was spoken before the Romans landed.

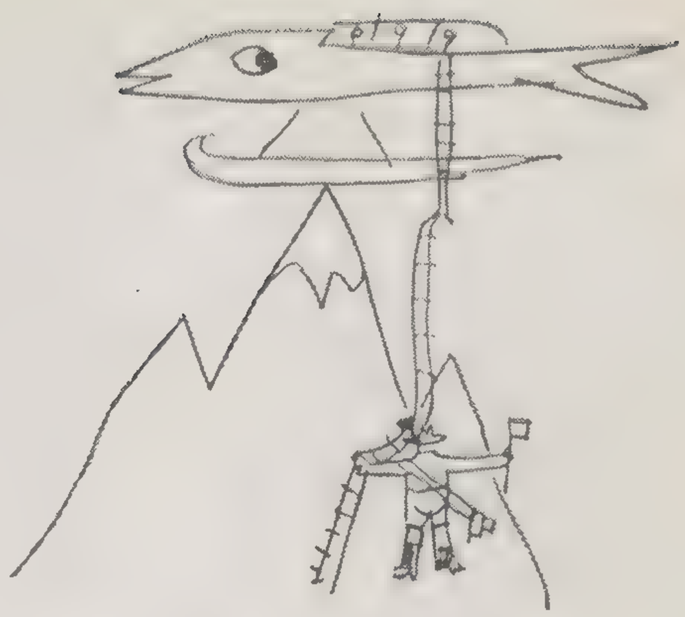
They are a peculiar people, the Welsh, and a difficult one: difficult to understand, even for themselves; difficult to live with, even for one another. Deeply emotional, but sternly self-controlled except on important occasions; distrustful of one another, hostile to strangers [*Britannos hospitibus feros* Horace called them in his odes, 3.4.33.]; thrifty because of poverty, *(Continued on page 152)*

THE GREAT WELSH PAINTER: AUGUSTUS JOHN

During his long larger-than-life career, Augustus John has dissected with his brilliant pale-blue eyes, and then revealed upon canvas, a sampling of this century's most arresting faces, among them, those of Dylan Thomas (above), George Bernard Shaw, and James Joyce. Belonging to that era when a man could think of himself, inaccurately but with undeniable dash, as an anarchist—a word that has come to sound almost archaic—John in his young days played at such gentle anarchy as travelling with the gypsies he so admired, and sometimes wearing gold earrings. (He later wrote: "I once decided to disguise myself so effectually as to pass unnoticed anywhere: *I bought a bowler:* but this, I found to my astonishment, only made me more conspicuous than ever.") Many of John's portraits and pastoral canvases, all brushed with his extraordinary draughtsmanship, spontaneous sense of design, and unfailingly romantic vision, hang in great museums throughout the Western World. With this rich collection behind him, he is now completing a large fresco. Asked by British Vogue to do an article, John, eighty-two-years old, wrote back: "I'm too damn busy painting."







AIR CRUISES

Japan, wrapped neatly, twenty-five days

Japan, like Russia, has swelled into a kind of boy-Fabian popularity. Among the easiest ways to go is by a new sea-air cruise: a fifteen-day Pacific crossing to Yokohama-Tokyo, then by train and car to Hakone and Atami, places where the Japanese go on their wedding trips, and to Kyoto, where freshly-dyed silks stream out in the rivers like schools of improbably brilliant fish. The nine days in Japan involve travel by train and car; the return trip across the Pacific is by B.O.A.C. or Japan Air Lines. This twenty-five-day SITA tour leaves San Francisco or Los Angeles at three-week intervals all year long; the price, $1,500, includes the passage on American President Lines, the flight back, the land touring, meals, and shared rooms in such good hotels as the Imperial in Tokyo. First-class, everywhere.

Europe for boys, twenty-nine days

One thing to do with fourteen- to seventeen-year-old boys this summer is to send them, August 10, on a sporting trip to Europe, where they can, during eighteen days in Scotland, shoot grouse, fish for salmon, and stalk a stag on a private moor. Before they're home again, they will have gone to the Edinburgh Festival, the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and some of the Olympic games in Rome. The cost, $1,900, takes care of B.O.A.C. jet flights from and to New York, as well as chaperonage and all other expenses for twenty-nine days. For reservations, write to Continental American Travel, 465 Park Avenue, New York.

Up the Amazon, eighteen days

"The Green Hell Tour," named to hint at the heart-of-darkness delights to be seen for $998, takes those to whom the jungle calls on an eighteen-day trip to the Amazon. Although the trip begins with a Varig jet flight from New York to Belem, the Brazilian city on the Amazon delta, the point lies in going a thousand miles upriver—by plane or boat—to Manaus, a city deep in the jungle, deeper in delicious B-movie mood. Included are canoe trips through jungly waters, crocodile hunts by night, voodoo ceremonies, and the subtle implication that destiny waits, in a white linen suit, around the next bend. Note: Belem and Manaus are inflexibly hot. The trip may be made any time; the $998 covers transportation, guides, a shared room, most meals, and, as a depressurizing period on the way back to New York, a swimming-pool-civilized stopover in Port of Spain, Trinidad.

The world, especially Russia, fifty-five days

For those who want to see the world and Russia too, one fifty-five-day trip schedules fourteen days in the U.S.S.R., the last of them spent in Tashkent, a city so deep into Asia and so far from Moscow that it is rarely seen by tourists. From Tashkent, the tour briskly stops in India, Burma, Thailand, South Vietnam, Australia, Fiji, Tahiti, Mooréa, Bora Bora, and Hawaii, last stopover before the West Coast. With flights mostly on Air France and Transports Aeriens Intercontinentaux, this trip runs about $4,000 tourist-class and about $4,800 first-class, the $800 difference applying only to where one sits on the plane, since hotel rooms, guides, and meals on land are identical for all. As few as two constitute a tour, any time.

For golfers, the British courses, twenty-two days

For golfers who long to play the green, green courses of the British Isles, Irish International Airlines or Pan American will fly a group over from New York on June 19, returning on July 10 after rounds of such notable courses as the Sunningdale and the Swinley Forest near London, the Royal Liverpool and the Turnberry near Prestwick. The twenty-two days are planned so that tour members will be on the spot for both the Canada Cup, to be played at Portmarnock near Dublin, and the British Open, at St. Andrews in Scotland. About $930 covers air fare, a steamer trip from Dublin to Liverpool, baths everywhere but shared rooms, most meals, and a car to drive during the three weeks. Reservations, Clara Laughlin Travel Services, 667 Madison Avenue, New York 21.

Twenty-three air packages covering all continents, some specialties— golfing, studying, hunting, music, mountain-climbing



All Pacific, thirty days

Making, in thirty days, an immense swing around the Pacific, one air tour includes such lures as the swimming off both Honolulu and the Fijian resort village of Korolevu, views of the steaming geysers in New Zealand, and time in Australia's cities—Melbourne, Sydney, Canberra. After Australia, the tour spends a few days in Singapore, several in Hong Kong and Macao, two in Manila, and, in Japan, four days crowded with quick surveys of Tokyo, the lake-cooled Hakone country, and the hot springs at Atami. These SITA tours will leave San Francisco by QANTAS jet on April 9, July 9, September 24, and November 5. The price is about $2,300 tourist-class, about $3,200 first-class, including, either way, meals, tips, guided excursions, and a shared room with bath.

Irish hunts, seventeen days

Fox-hunting, once defined by Oscar Wilde as "the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable," is the point of one air trip, seventeen days in Ireland to be arranged for at least two people. Leaving New York by Irish International Airlines, riders land at Shannon, hunt with such famous packs as the Limerick, the Scarteen Black and Tans, the Tipperary, and the Duhallow Foxhounds, and then drive on to Dublin to follow the Meath and Kildare Foxhounds, the Ward Union Staghounds. About $950 apiece covers the round trip, a double room with bath, horses, hunting, all meals, and the hire of an English Ford. (The season is December through March.) For reservations, Clara Laughlin Travel Services.

Music in Europe, sixty days

For students (or their friends) interested in music, $1,300 buys sixty days in Europe, twenty-two of them to be spent in music-art-culture classes at the University of Vienna. The other thirty-eight, variously, are for boating on the Rhine, driving through the Tyrol, swimming at Nice, and surveying such cities as Amsterdam, Venice, Rome, Geneva, and Paris. Organized by University Travel, this tour leaves New York by KLM on June 29, returns August 27, and includes in its cost air fare, tuition, sight-seeing, lodging, and three meals a day except in Paris. (If a student earns college credits for the Vienna summer session, part of the $1,300 can, in some cases, be written off somebody's income tax.)

The Swiss Alps, fifteen days

A man climbs a mountain, some say, because the mountain's there. Providing the mountain, for $920, is a task that has now been undertaken by Swissair and General Tours, which will this summer take a dozen groups of climbers to Switzerland, brief them in ascents, descents, ice-climbing, and perhaps even in squinting, and then give them a go at the Jungfrau. (Experienced climbers, as defined by the instructors, may also try the Matterhorn.) A group will leave New York each Friday, June 10 through August 26, to spend two weeks. Included in the price are the lessons, incidental charges, round trip on Swissair, rooms—sometimes in huts—and meals, sometimes in knapsacks.

The world, especially Lebanon and Israel, fifty-seven days

Flying more or less steadily westward, one fifty-seven-day tour samples most of the world, stopping first in Honolulu, last in London. In between lie nine days in Japan, four each in Hong Kong and Bangkok, a week of India, another of Egypt, nine days in the Beirut-Israel-Dead Sea country, two in Istanbul, five in Greece (several on a cruise among the Aegean Islands), and nine on a European brush-up course: Rome, Naples, Sorrento, Geneva, Paris, London. These SITA tours on Pan American jets leave several times a month, every month; the price, $2,858, includes meals, shared rooms, sight-seeing, transportation, and the flight from wherever one lives to the West Coast take-off city.

Africa, fifty-six days

Making an exploration of Africa seem as effortless as a trip cross-county, one package covers, in eight weeks, the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial

(Continued on page 155)



This-minute plans in black and white

Pointing out that black and white are pretty terrific together is a little like suggesting that strawberries are smashing with cream. They are, that's all. Or nearly all. A woman making black-and-white plans in this-minute terms might put this news on the docket: the zing of yellow for black-and-white—a lemon-coloured scarf, chunky, topaz earrings, chamois gloves . . . the pleasant crash of more black-and-white—a polka-dot cloche with a ticking-striped suit; a muffler of pearl and jet beads (evenings, rhinestones do pearl work); and another day's hatting for the checked short-coat on the following page might consist of a stripy silk beret—black and white, naturally. *Left:* Black and white silk keys, wide shouldered, wide-skirted—the dress to own if your taste runs to the nonstop in fashion. The black straw sailor is the daytime factor here; a velvety black cabbage rose and veiling would jog it into evening—charmingly. By Ben Reig. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Right:* Cotton with all of its city-wits about it—black-and-white random checks with new scope to the neckline, the sleeves, the skirt. The muffler of jet beads, really long black gloves: city-wit to add on your own. Rembrandt dress; about $40. Dress and French leather gloves: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: also at Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. The hat, by Mr. John.

Black-and-white—further plans

Facing page: Cardigan jacket and dress in a cravat heaviness of silk—black-and-white, dotted with little grain-of-rice shapes. By House of Kunel. Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Handkerchief-silk cloche: black and white dots, folded back. By Mr. John. *This page, above left:* Twenty-eight inches of indispensableness—knitted short-coat in diamond-y black-and-white checks. By A. Davis, in wool firmed with a backing of Curon; about $45. This, at Macy's; Himelhoch's. The listing black straw sailor is from Lilly Daché. *Below left:* Cardigan suit-play in three speeds—the jacket and put-over are white with black copybook stripes; the skirt, a narrowness of black pleats. By Nelly de Grab, of Arnel-and-rayon flannel. Together, about $35. The costume, at Peck & Peck; Frederick & Nelson. *Below right:* Shirt-dressing—the kind that starts early, stops ???. White silk pongee, with ribbon black bindings, full skirt, a pull of sash through a tall firm buckle. By Paul Whitney. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.





Black and white—late-day plans

This page, top left: Bell of white cotton with string straps, black dots—jeune, but not too (which is one of the pleasant effects of black on white). Additions in keeping with that idea: ropes of black beads, white beads the size of chickpeas, a hairdress of stiff veiling. Dress, by Guy D, of Springmaid cotton broadcloth; about $35. This, in junior sizes, at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. *Lower left:* Narrow princess dress of black linen with a Y-shaped top and arm-to-arm bow across the front, a low pointed back. This, for late-day in town, whited, perhaps, by gloves and frosty pearls. The headdress is a white camellia with share-my-lattice veiling of black. Dress by Nettie Rosenstein; about $160. Meyers Make gloves. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at I. Magnin. *Right:* This-minute night plan that's black and white and all-out romancy—a long evening dress with small strapless top of gauzy black silk, an obi bow in un-obi position: high at the front. The skirt, a snowfall of white ribbon lace. By Sarmi, at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Headdresses, these pages, by Lilly Daché.



Yellow and white checked cotton dress with elbow sleeves, topped with a separate pinafore of white organdie and lace. By Joseph Love; $9 at Bonwit Teller

French apron of white organdie over a yellow dress of pima cotton broadcloth (Wamsutta fabric); both with lace. By Johnston of Dallas; $13 at Bergdorf Goodman.

Yellow and white checks of Arnel-and-cotton, with bands of white lace and rickrack at neck, arms, waist. By Jack Borgenicht; $6 at Saks Fifth Avenue.

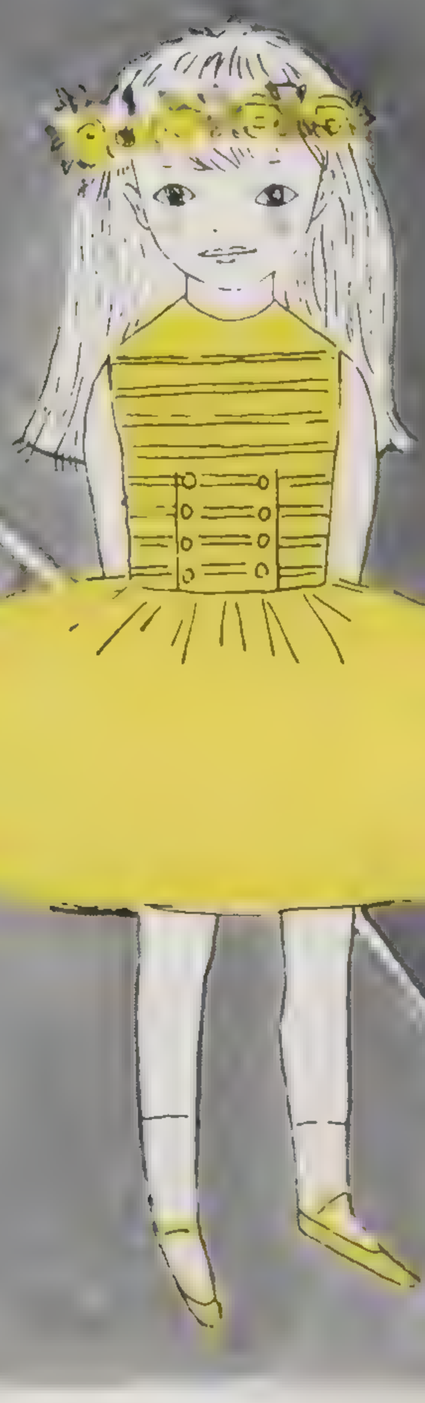
Yellow cotton dress with very short sleeves, an attached pinafore of embroidered white organdie. By Cinderella; yellow cotton by Springmaid. $8 at Best & Co.



Jumper of yellow cotton broadcloth, and separate blouse of white silk organza. On the blouse: tucks, puffed sleeves, lace. By Celeste; about $13.

For little girls: Little-Mary-Sunshine colours

To butter up little girls now: dresses in sunniest yellow, blooming like daffodils here. Three are "costumes," with white pinafores or French aprons; all, enchanting for spring parties. Each dress here, in sizes 3 to 6x.



Sleeveless dress in two yellows—Swiss cotton organdie over cotton satin. By Celeste; about $11. Both dresses, this page, at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's.



Spring suits—more than one virtue

Two spring suits that are more than two-piece, travel with more than usual ease, go—as separate parts—with more than each other. What they're less than: costly. On this page, a suit of black-and-white tweed, rayon-and-acetate, with black braid, buttons. The cardigan can meet with a black skirt; the white rayon blouse can too. Suit: Handmacher; about $40. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Famous-Barr. Laguna jewellery. Hat: Emme.



HORST

Another more-than-new suit, in more than navy blue—the jacket is banded in bright red and white, can be worn as a cardigan sweater over, perhaps, a white pleat-skirted dress. Skirt and jacket, here, of grainy Avisco rayon; the sleeveless blouse (which could also go with tennis shorts, a dinner skirt), white Irish linen. All, by David Crystal. About $40 at Best & Co.; Wm. H. Block; I. Magnin. The bracelets by Napier.



HORST

Spring suits—more than silk

Good-suit look, above, with more than a usual amount of meritorious service in the fabric—a twill-like blend of Orlon-and-silk that beats the wrinkle-rap. This, greyed blue, in three pieces: black-rimmed cardigan, straight skirt, overblouse. By Briarbrook, of Chardon-Marché fabric: about $80 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Hat by Emme. Chair by Luberto.



Beige more-than-silk suit in a fabric that's handsome, not afraid of hard work—a blend of Dacron-and-silk. Added here: a blue and white striped pull-over, of knitted Dacron-and-cotton. Suit by Harry Frechtel; about $145. This and pull-over, both at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Hudson's; I. Magnin. Printed silk hat by Sally Victor. Both these pages: gloves by Dawnelle.



VOGUE
PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 4028

Black and white—new plots in dots

Fresh arrangements in the dotworks now: suit ideas that combine dot and not-dot, dresses of all-dots, a coat with internal dots of lining. All, black and white; all to make now, easily, from Vogue Patterns. *Opposite page:* Dress and scarf, each half dotted, together doing business as a suit. The dress top, with high neck, no sleeves; the full skirt, all pleats. The scarf, not included in the pattern, is a simple triangle to cut from skirt material. (Each right angle side measures one yard; another triangle of dots, same size, makes the flip side.) Vogue Pattern 9727, of black-and-white dotted silk surah, black slubbed silk; both fabrics, by Onondaga. Hat of satin bows, by Sally Victor. *This page:* Black jersey suit with these dottings—blouse, lining, and separate hood that converts to a softly cowled collar. What's undotted: an easy jacket, a straight skirt. All, uncomplicated to make, wonderful to wear in town, as of now. Vogue Pattern 4028, in black worsted jersey by Sag-No-Mor, black and white dotted broadcloth of Avisco rayon and silk by Goodman & Theise. Long gloves by Aris, at Lord & Taylor. *For other views, sizes, and yardages, see page 72.*

VOGUE PATTERN 9727



VOGUE PATTERN 9825

New plots in dots

continued

Upper left: Soft, well-shaped afternoon dress that just *asks* for dots—gets them in coin-size black on white. This, with cowl neckline, flared skirt; a wide black belt we added. Vogue Pattern 9825, of silk tissue taffeta by Staron. Organdie hat by Mr. John. *Lower left:* Dots in a smaller size, a narrower frame. Sleeveless shift with blousey top that's elementary-my-dear-Watson to make—and a wonderful under-coat dress for, say, the coat shown at right. (Same dotted fabric makes the coat lining.) Dress, Vogue Pattern 9911, in black and white dotted silk surah by Onondaga. Brania necklace: Lord & Taylor. Emme hat. *Opposite page:* For over any of this dottedness—or a slender black late-day dress—a blazer-reefer of white grainy silk, edged and buttoned in black. A back belt is available, if wanted. Vogue Pattern 4078; the grainy silk and dotted lining, both by Onondaga. Mushroom hat of white straw, by Lilly Daché. *For other views, sizes, and yardages, see page 72.*

VOGUE PATTERN 9911

VOGUE PATTERN 4078





For spring evenings: obi bows in printed silk

Enchanting evening idea: printed silks that seem to be *all* bow, with a pouf of dress attached—young, crisp, bright as super-constellation butterflies. *Upper left:* Bow of dazzling wingspread, high at the front of a silk evening dress, with full floaty skirt. All, printed palely, in bud-shades of green, pink, yellow, on grey. By Gustave Tassell; Saks Fifth Avenue. *Below:* Bowed wings at both back and front (an angel with a reverse gear?) of a white silk evening dress, warp-printed in red roses, green leaves. By Gustave Tassell; at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The coiffures, both pages, by Enrico Caruso. Moon and star head-jewels, this page, by Gustave Tassell. *Opposite page:* Two magnified cocarde bows at the back of a spring evening dress of green-to-gold silk. By Paul Whitney, of Bianchini silk shantung. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Background: Woodson wallpapers.







American clothes lore: silk prints

American clothes lore recognizes the staying power of this kind of throwaway fashion—and its ability to appear just thought of, in any year. Examples given, the silk prints here, to acquire in anticipation of a long, sunny spring. As American as green dollar bills, they have realistic price tags that should prove soothing to strained spring budgets. *Left:* American shirtwaist of ribbon silk in a cool, paled blue, striped with white. Details include front buttoning, a convertible collar. By L'Aiglon, about $30. Hattie Carnegie jewellery. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Himelhoch's; J.W. Robinson. Shoes by Debs. Naturalistic hair colour brought about by Blonde Temporary Cream and Color Rinse by Tiz. *Right:* Scattery black on white silk print with not a jot of fuss. The waistline is celebrated with a wrap sash; the neckline is prettily, shallowly scooped. By Leslie Fay, about $25. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Los Angeles.



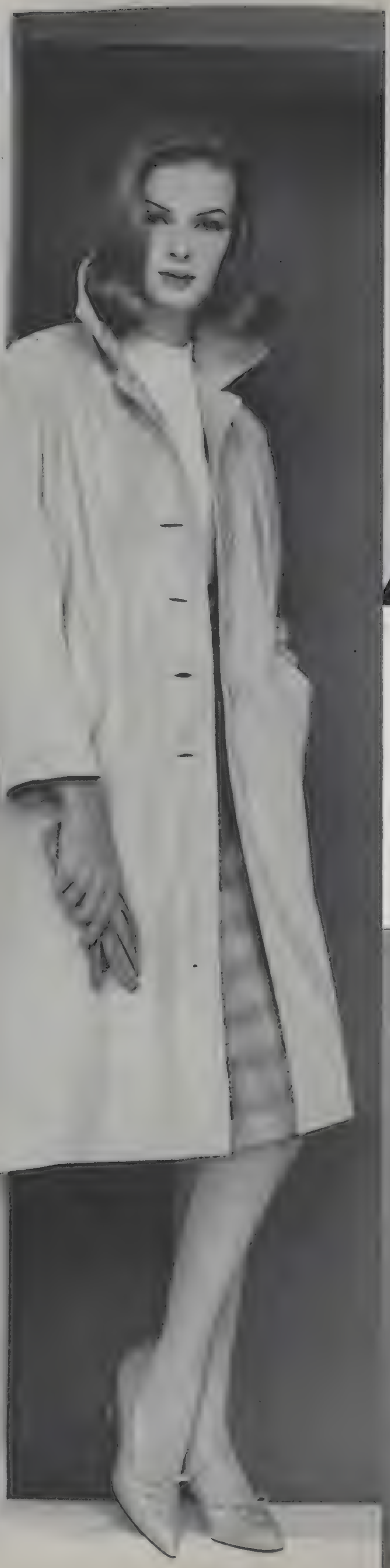
LEOMBRUNO-BODI



1



2



3



4



5

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

FASHION NATURALS U.S.A.

Linen to leather—more American lore

6





7

1. Summer natural: the suit that solves practically any clothes quandary. Black and white checked acetate, rayon, and silk; white acetate and rayon blouse. By Handmacher; $40. At Altman's.
2. Oriented to city or suburb: on silk shantung separates, giant beige and white herringbones. To wear under a coat now. Shirt, $12; skirt, $15. At Lord & Taylor.
3. News now: chamois—leather and/or colour (both factors coincide in the coat here). By Samuel Robert; about $160. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Vitality shoes.
4. Chamois—colour this time: a soft blouse tucked *loosely* into an equally soft black skirt. Both are by Mr. Mort Sportswear, of rayon-and-silk. The top, $10; skirt, $13. At Bonwit Teller.
5. Lengthened overblouse, belted, buttoned. Beige-and-natural top and skirt in Moygashel linen; woven, windowpane check. By Carlye; $50. At De Pinna.
6. City cardigan coat of navy-blue basket-weave wool, with white wool binding. By Lassie Junior; $45. Mr. John Jr. hat. Both at Altman's; coat, also at Dayton's.
7. Little red wool suit, very easy, very uncontrived. By Nob Hill of Anglo fabric; $100. Madcaps hat. Both at Lord & Taylor. We added the striped blouse.
8. Three-piece suit with new, long lines, important pleats. The overblouse is short-sleeved, beltable; the jacket, boxy and buttonless. Of grey Glen plaid, wool-and-silk Anglo fabric; $90. at Lord & Taylor.

8





The new thread of the weightless matter

The 1960 fabric story: all about weightlessness. The narrative thread here—a new Du Pont fibre called Lycra—is woven into foundations light as a lemon peel: as witness the pantie girdle balloon-borne below against Manhattan's skyline. More news about Lycra: it's strong, resilient, non-bulky for packing.

Far left: White all-in-one of Lycra power net with lace brassière, low back; self-reinforced, midriff to hip curve. By Gossard, about $19. At Best & Co.

Near left (and air-borne below): White pantie girdle of Lycra power net; self-reinforced back panel, dip-topped satin front panel. By Bien Jolie, about $10. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz.

Right: Topside, a long-line brassière of white nylon lace; elastic mesh sides of Lycra, a lowish back. About $9. Its partner here, a white pantie girdle of Lycra with self-reinforced panels at front, back, and over hips. About $10. Both by Smoothie, at Franklin Simon; Halle Bros.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI





Weightlessness, on the rise

The scale at left registers the seeing-is-believing truth about Du Pont's new fibre, Lycra. Heaped high with all nine of the girdles and brassières from these and the two foregoing pages, it registers just 1¾ lbs. Another fact to cheer: Lycra's laundry behaviour, its quick-drying qualities.

Far left: White brassière of embroidered nylon marquisette and satin woven with Lycra; about $5. With it, a white pantie girdle of Lycra; embroidered in white; about $8. Both by Warner's; at Altman's and Julius Garfinckel.

Near left: Pantie girdle of white Lycra in a lacy Jacquard weave. Made without reinforced back panel, it nonetheless has a marvellous stabilizing effect on the *derrière.* Embroidered satin front panel. By Lily of France, about $7; at Best & Co.; Halle Bros.

Right: Low-backed, long-line brassière; satin ribbon beading threads the straps and front. By Pauline Gordon, of white nylon taffeta with back section of Lycra power net; $8.50. With it, a white pantie girdle made of Lycra power net, with diagonally cut front that stubbornly resists riding up. By Sarong; $7. Both at Best & Co.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Porcelain enamel: toiler, spinner, and lily of the field

For many people there have been in the past only two views of porcelain enamel: the kitchen-sink school and the cloisonné-and-all-that school—one pure function; the other, art. Now, although these extremes are still with us, there's a whole new and fascinating range of in-betweens—lighting panels, flooring, canisters, telephone dials, and more. On the next four pages, and pyramided opposite are roughly thirty new uses of porcelain enamel to be seen in 1960 households.

Opposite, top right, an architectural panel, porcelain enamel on steel, heat-, stain-, and scratchproof*. Scarlet coffeepot with white raffia handle. By Dansk. $13, at Bloomingdale's. Blue and white oven-and-table casserole—the famous Meissen onion pattern reproduced. $11, at Altman's. White frying pan squared for greater space, better handling of such simple linear foods as bacon. By Dru Ware, $8. At Bloomingdale's. A notch lower on the pyramid: Corrugated panel of green porcelain enamel—for a patio roof perhaps*. Blue-enamelled latticework to buy by the section for screens, room dividers. From about 50c a square foot*. Deep-blue casserole—a six-quart giant—with a stand of teakwood legs, cane handles. Designed by Jens Quistgaard of Denmark. $23 with stand; Bonniers. To the right, standing: a red oven door that can be affixed to a stove of another colour. By Chambers*. In front of this, a tall flared vase of blue and gold enamels on copper, by Paolo di Poli. $150, at Bonniers. Next, at lower left, two saffron-coloured canisters from a set of four, made in Italy. Note the categorical calligraphy. $15 the set; Georg Jensen. Lying flat, beside this: telephone dial of red porcelain enamel; to order from Western Electric. Sterling silver cigarette box with *champlevé* white enamel insets; designed by Robert J. King, this is in the permanent collection of New York's Museum of Contemporary Crafts. Next, a four-by-four-inch tile of orangey red*. Hanging: a Renaissance Limoges medallion, enamel on copper, "La Figure du Printemps." Blue and beige on a deep blue ground; gilt-framed. $1,325, at French & Co. Saffron-coloured ash tray, made in Norway. $8, at Bonniers.

Standing representatives of the new approach to art: three chessmen by the Spanish sculptor, Junyer. $100 to $200 each. Carlebach Gallery.

*THROUGH DECORATORS AND THE PORCELAIN ENAMEL INSTITUTE

TOM YEE

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



NEW DECORATING WHIZ: PORCELAIN ENAMEL

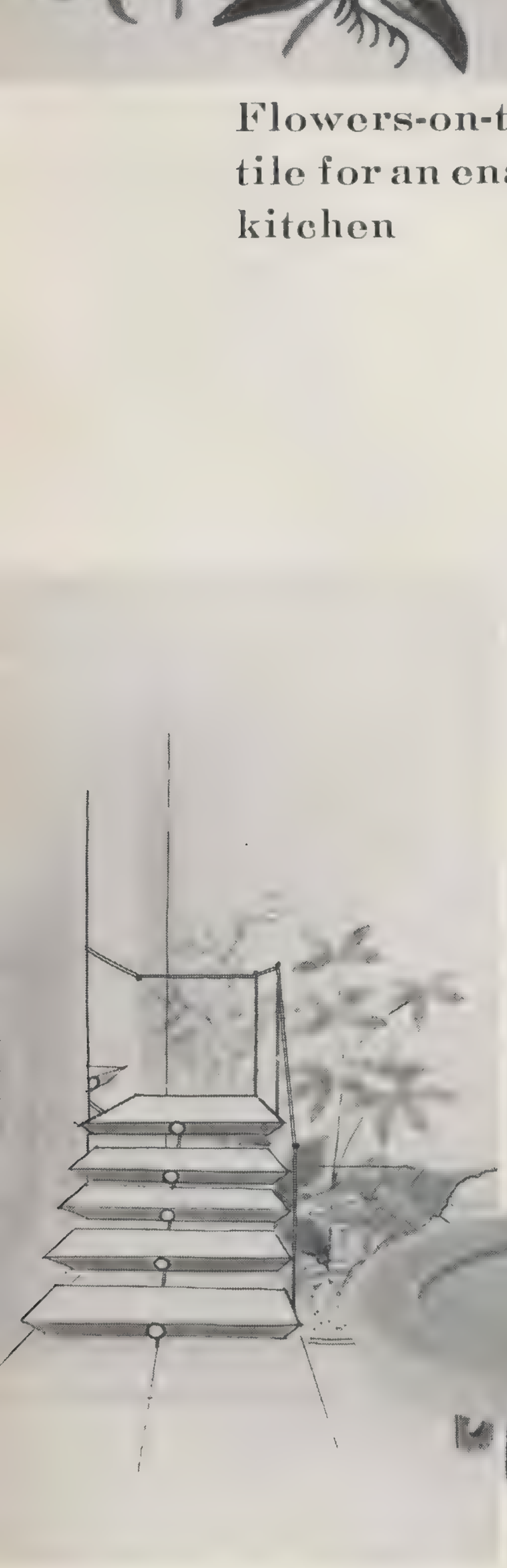


Pool-side pavilions striped like beach umbrellas

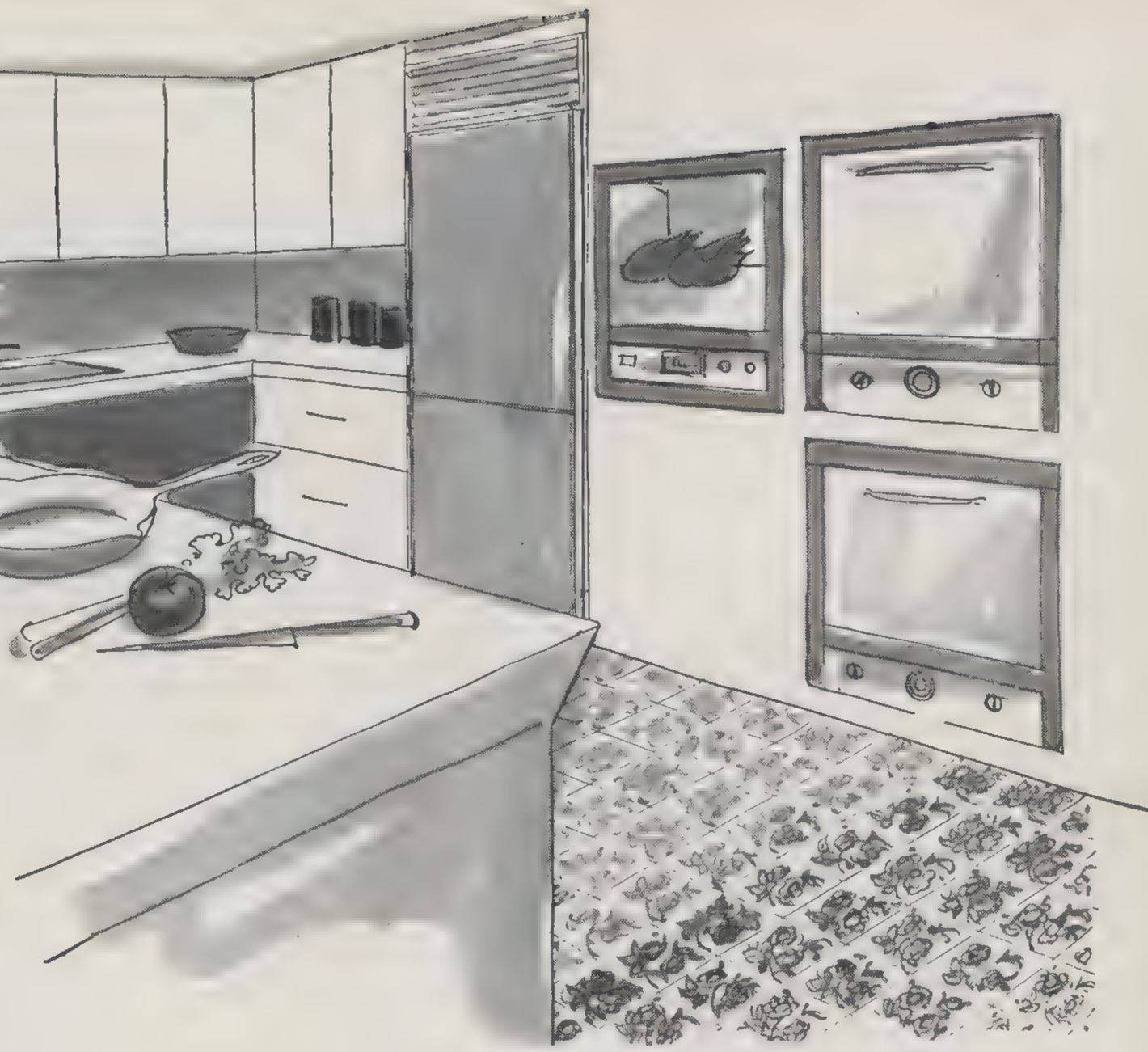
SKETCHES BY RAY PORTER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KASPER



Flowers-on-the-floor tile for an enamelized kitchen



A stairway that lights up

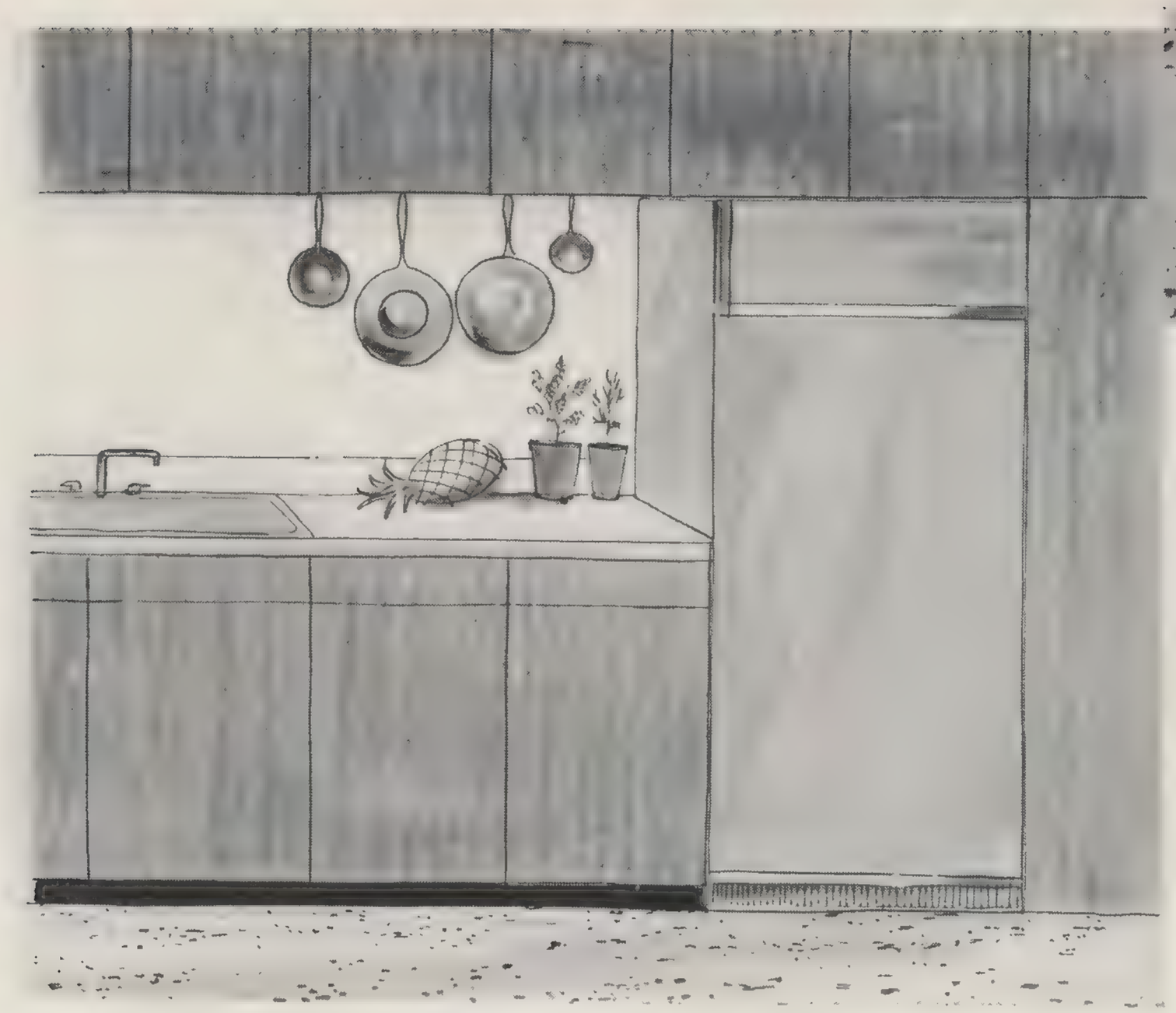


The great new success of porcelain enamel in the decorating world, exterior and interior, is due to a quite simple complexity: porcelain enamel does *not* do anything it shouldn't—rust, stain, warp, scratch, or discolour; *does* do about everything it should—resist heat, transmit a new type of light called electroluminescence, look attractive, weigh little. Starting here, an impressive collection of its uses. Starting March 16, these and other porcelain enamel ideas will be shown at the National Design Center in New York.

Opposite page: Two pool-side pavilions by decorator Jack Bonar of New York. The Oriental-splendoured one, *above left,* has an entire back wall and part of the left wall made of enamel, plus a front panel that screens the entrance to the dressing rooms. The small weeping cherry tree before the screen is real; the giant tree spreading across the back wall and ceiling is the result partly of porcelain enamel magic—it is painted on enamel panels embedded with electrically lighted phosphors; panels less than one-fiftieth-of-an-inch thick. At night when the wall and ceiling are turned on, they seem to disappear into a luminous green landscape with tree. In a more relaxed Western mood, the pavilion, *below left,* uses striped enamel panels in red and white—they come in other beach umbrella colours, too—set in a simple box frame, with dressing rooms on each side.

Above: A lift that could happen to any all-white-weary kitchen—enamelization in red, white, and blue. The two red wall ovens are framed in blue tiles; so is the glass front rotisserie. The counters and cabinets are white; the pots, pans, and casseroles, a mixed brew of red, white, and blue. The only deviants from the porcelain enamel school are the flowers-all-over-the-floor tiles of Amtico vinyl, blue on white.

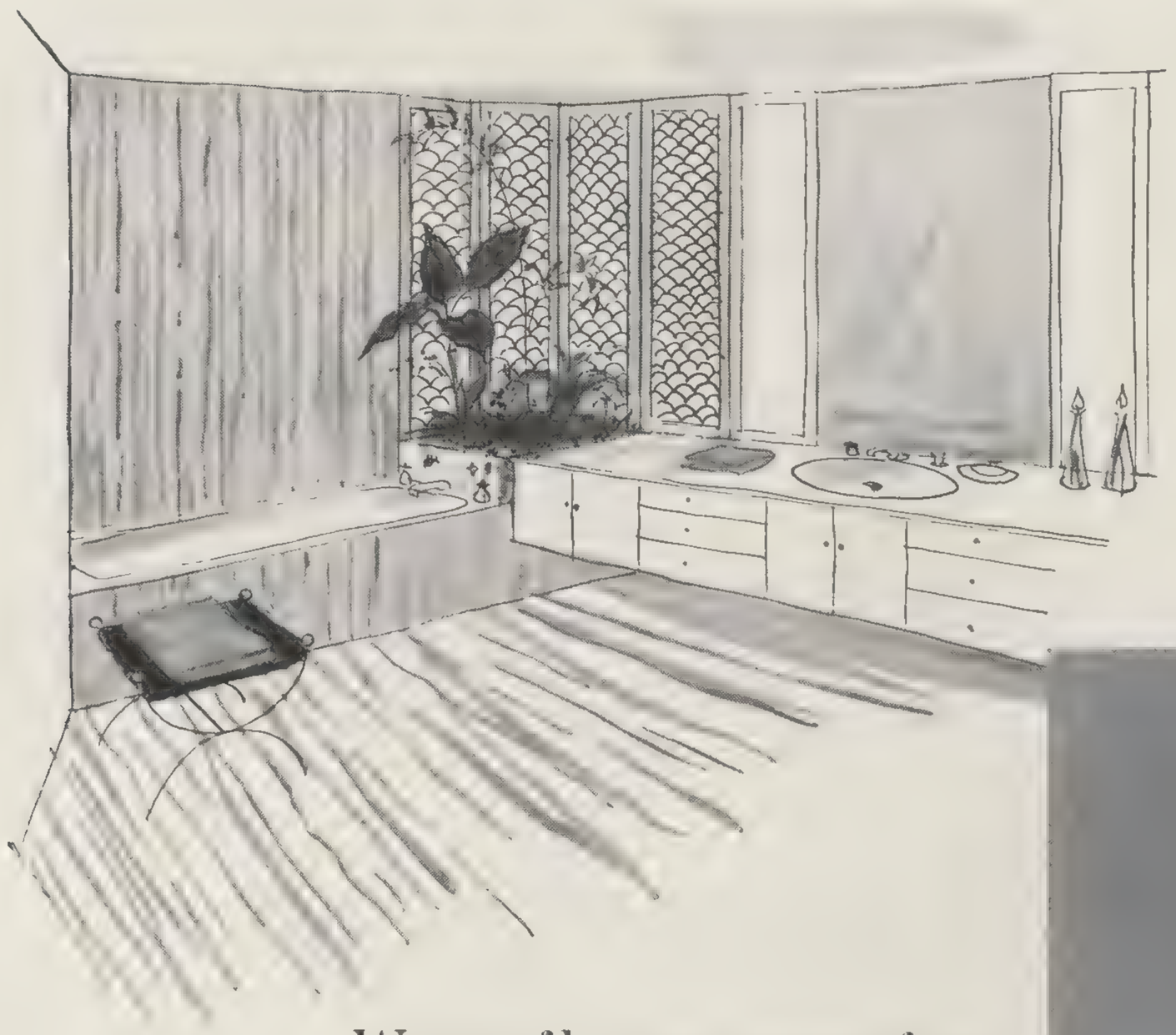
Left: Disc lights that owe their existence partly to porcelain enamel are installed here on each step of a stairway; could border a terrace or discover a path. One of these blue or green glowing Sylvania Nité Lites costs under a dollar.



Pot and pan pick-up

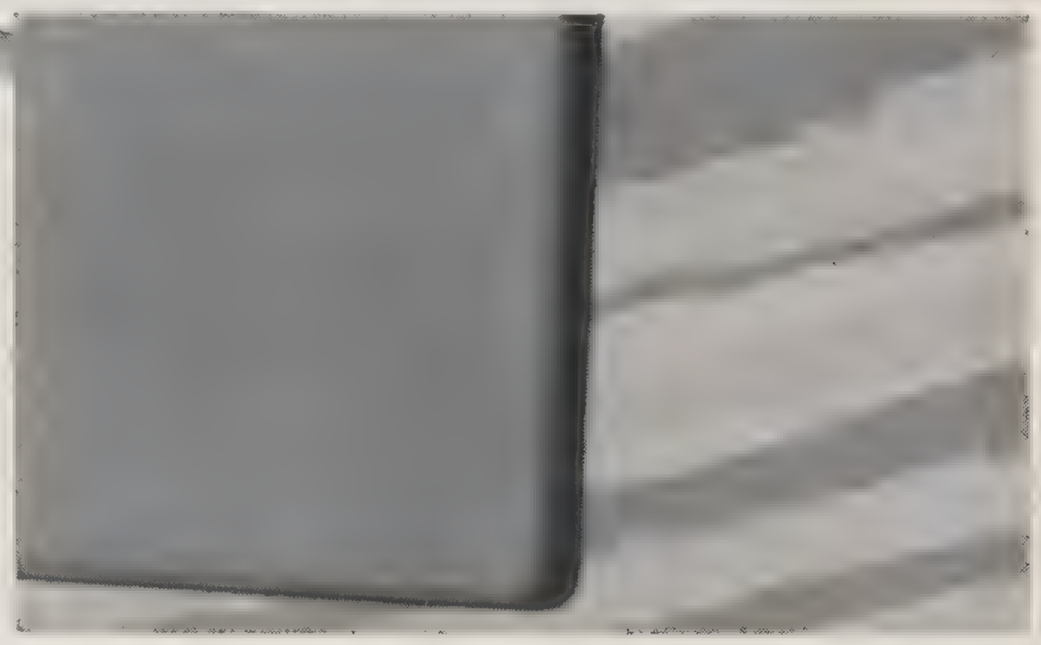
PORCELAIN ENAMEL

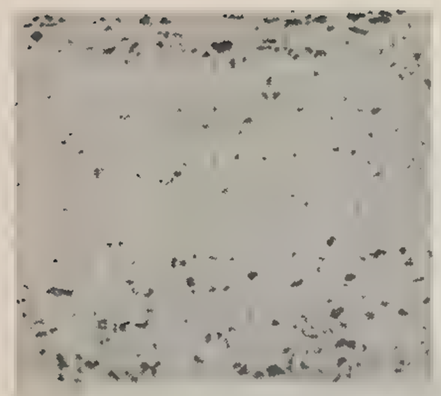
continued



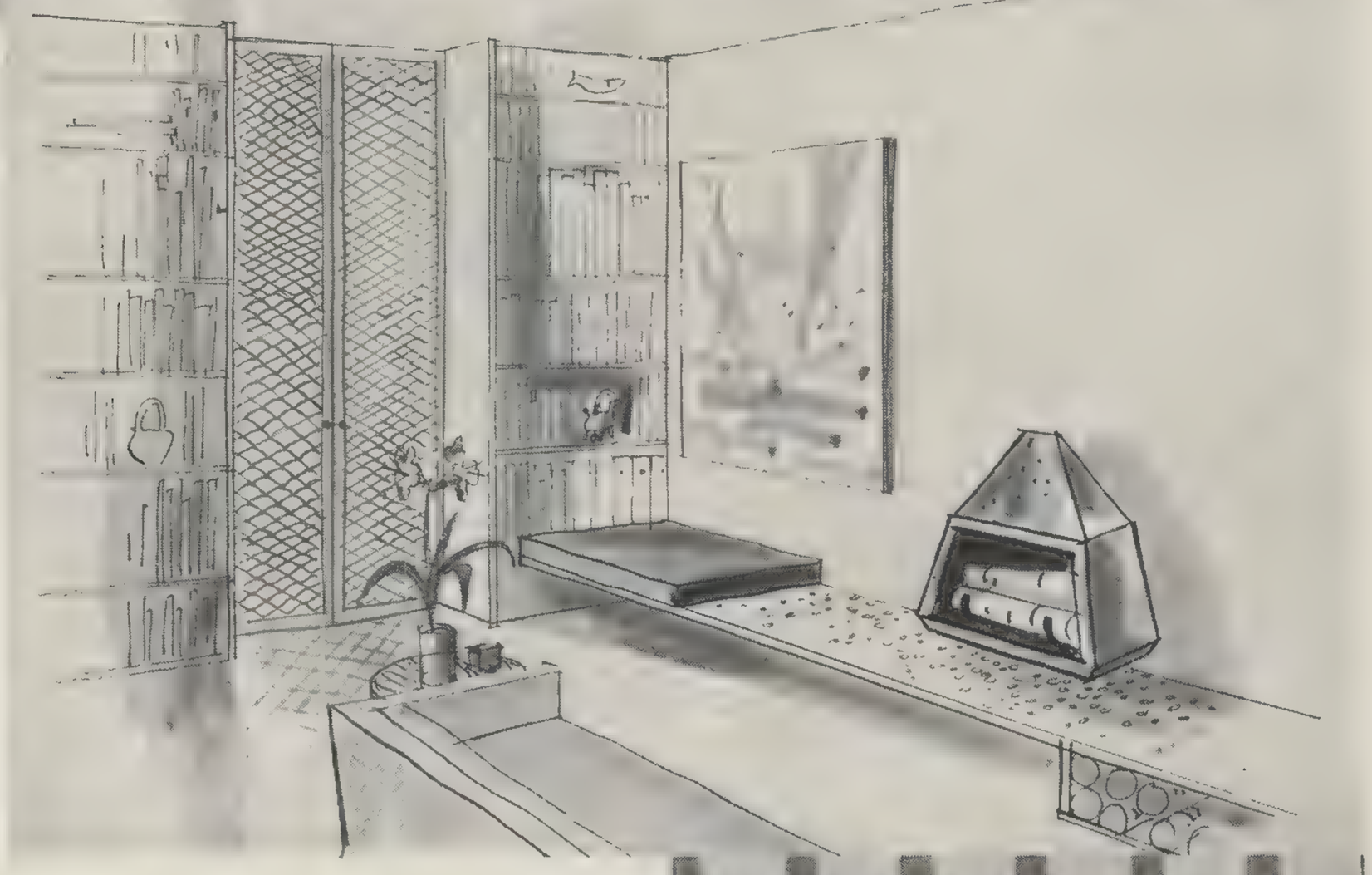
Warm floors, warm feet

Heat, screening strategy, colour—these are the specifics of the enamel sub-plot on these pages.
Left above: Enamelized colour psychology for the kitchen. Wooden counters and cabinets that only need a colour spiff get it from a mixed set of enamelized pots and casseroles in, maybe, persimmon, yellow and white stripes. For an even tawnier turn, a pineapple yellow refrigerator or electric range in porcelain enamel. For the floor change: Amtico's new beigey vinyl tile, Travertine.
Left below: This bathroom, heated from the floor, is paved in waves of red and pink porcelain—rose-coloured bathing. Between the layer of porcelain enamel and bottom layer of metal is a radiant heating unit, like a sandwich filling. Splash walls behind the tub repeat the waving stripes, could contrast in solid pink or red.
Near right: Mobile-like fountain sets up a very woods-and-rills sound of water falling on copper bowls, faced with pale green enamel. The fountain here was based on one designed by sculptor Costantino Nivola.
Far right: In the room at the top—porcelain enamel takes to the window, screening out an unfortunate view and a radiator, but not sunlight and air. These Cathedral weave panels of metal enamelized in a range of colours come in the heavier Amorweave (see *top right* sample)—for fencing-in a patio, dividing a terrace. More porcelain enamel coats the Acorn hanging fireplace—it *could* stand on its own legs. The Acorn got its name from a housing project for which architect Carl Koch designed it when he found his budget didn't provide for even the cheapest conventional fireplaces. About $150.
Far right: In the room below—another fireplace, high-hooded in brilliant red, or other coloured enamelled copper. The Cathedral screen here produces a shadow play of light on the floor.





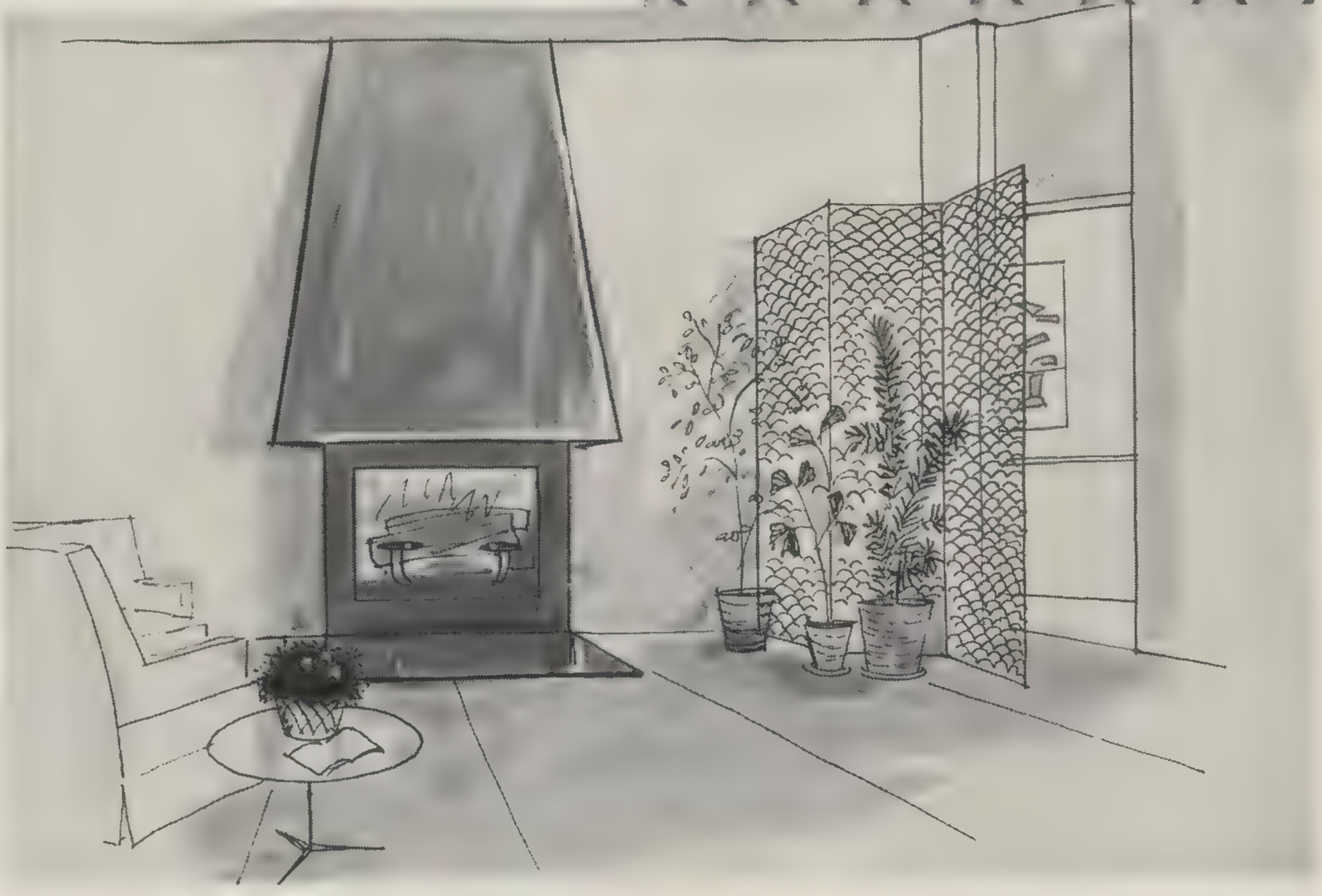






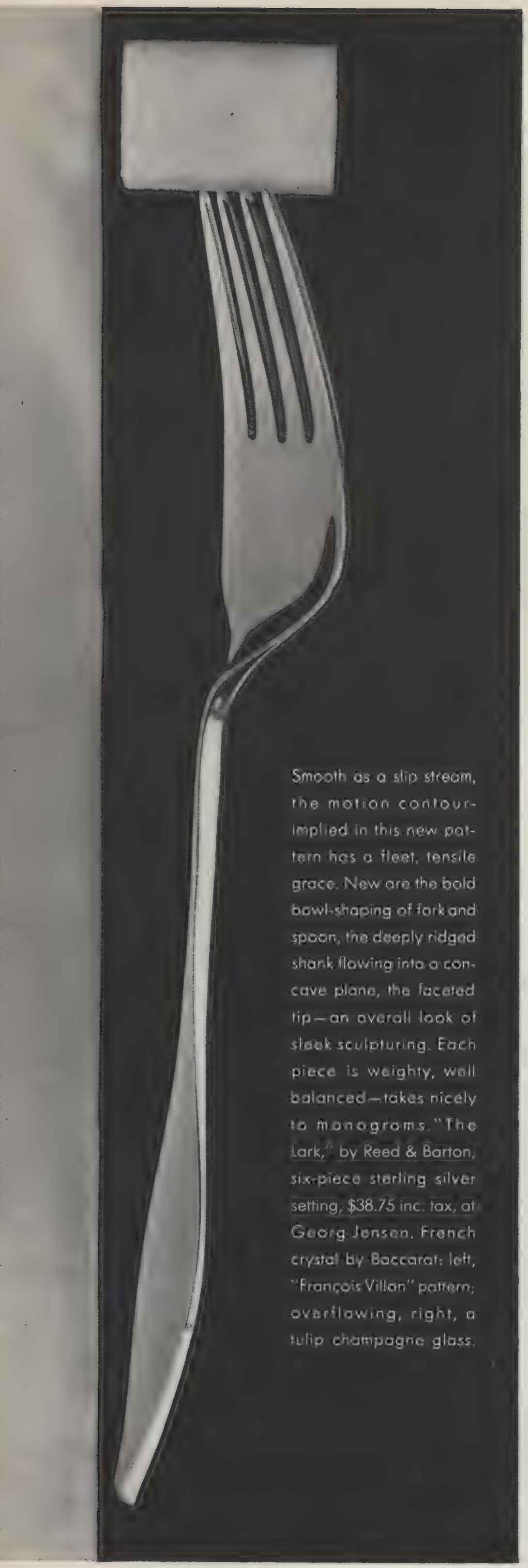
Other porcelainia: fountain, fireplaces, and screens







BOOKE INDER



Entertaining in a different time slot

For an entertaining shot in the arm, those delicious odd-hour assemblies that provide good food but are not luncheons, cocktail parties, or dinners can be an illuminating joy. Because they require neither a dining room, a staff, nor a full-treatment shopping list, they are easy on the hostess. Because they are considerate of the guests' before-and-after life, invitations to them can be fitted into most schedules. Here are three odd-hour formats, and menus to bring out the best in them.

English breakfast: twelve o'clock noon

Nice on the other end of an early Sunday walk or sport, or a nourishing prelude to an afternoon of museums and the outdoor life, the late breakfast that the English call "hunting breakfast", numbers among its attractions its timing. Early, with an afternoon for other pleasures.

On a coolish day, start such a breakfast with hot drinks—turtle soup with sherry unstintingly added at serving time, or consommé with vodka; if the weather suggests a cold drink, a peppery Red Snapper, that blend of tomato juice, clam juice, gin, and fresh ground black pepper.

The food should be buffet, each dish over hot water or alcohol warmers, set out on a sideboard (in a sideboard-less apartment, one cloth covering two card tables makes a neat buffet table). How the guests are seated depends on whatever system is the specialty of the house: at the dining table, at separate tables for four, or at individual folding tables.

Grapefruit and orange sections with mint, on the buffet in individual cups, could be the first course, followed by poached eggs—Benedict or Divan. Eggs Benedict, on a toasted English muffin with a slice of fried ham topped with Hollandaise sauce, and a slice of truffle for décor. Eggs Divan, over turkey hash on a bed of broccoli, with a Mornay sauce, the whole thing glazed under the broiler. (Poached egg trick for do-it-ahead hostesses: poach the eggs lightly in advance, reheat at serving time in warm salted water.) To accompany the eggs, sautéed veal kidneys, with Madeira sauce and rice. Other things on the buffet table: more English *(Continued on page 150)*

Tabling a new kind of motion: slip-stream silver

ST. JOHN

BY ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

MRS. SMITH regrets

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Elinor Goulding Smith trained as an artist before, happily, she turned to writing. She is married to Robert Paul Smith of* Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing *fame, and she illustrated his* How to Do Nothing with Nobody All Alone by Yourself. *Life in Scarsdale with two sons qualified Mrs. Smith to write* The Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Housekeeping *and* The Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Baby and Child Care. *Her "Just Give It to Me—I'll Do It" appeared in* Vogue *in the January 1, 1959 issue.*

I was the only little girl I ever heard of who hated parties. It is possible that one reason I dreaded them was that going to a party involved taking a bath, and I considered an order to take a bath a violation of the Bill of Rights. Besides, my mother's idea of dressing me for a party was to roll up my underwear sleeves and pin them into place in a big bulge before she put on my dress. I suppose it was her theory that it didn't show. Or maybe it was her theory that as long as you've got your health. . . . Who knows what she was thinking of? Whatever the reason, it didn't go a long way toward making me feel poised and glamourous.

One party that I went to when I was somewhat past the age for underwear sleeves had one tiny little ameliorating circumstance. I met a young man who called me up the next day and asked me to marry him and I did. However, this circumstance did not occur with any noticeable frequency, so my attitude toward parties in general did not change. It's not that I'm anti-social. I just like people better in smaller numbers. The sight of twenty-two strange faces makes me want to dig a hole in the ground and crawl in till it's all over.

My husband loves parties. As soon as we hear of a party, before we've even been invited, he's halfway out the front door shouting, "Come on, let's go!" He'll go to anybody's party. Sometimes we go to parties and we don't even know who's *giving* them. When I question him, he says vaguely, "Oh, I don't know—some people I met on the train," or "I don't know exactly who they are—I met them in the stationery store." All he has is a slip of paper with an address on it. He doesn't even know their *names*. I have to go in and say, "Hello, Er. Nice of you to invite us, Mrs. Er."

When I dress for a party, it takes me two hours and forty-seven minutes. Two hours and thirty-three minutes to decide what to wear and fourteen minutes to shower, do my hair and nails, put on my mascara, straighten my stockings, change my mind about the dress, change the dress, change my shoes and handbag, feed the cats, put the children's frozen dinners in the oven, write down the phone number of the neighbours I know are at home, and dash out the front door without much enthusiasm.

My husband's idea of dressing for a party is to change from sneakers to shoes. "What do you mean, *shave?*" he demands. "What do you mean, *shirt* and *tie?* Are you crazy? What's wrong with *this*," he says, twirling happily to display a tee shirt and denim pants he's been greasing his car in. He's in such a hurry to get to the party that he's out in the driveway honking before I've even dried my hair.

He is a perpetual optimist. As soon as he hears the word "party" he has visions of beautiful, slender, young, blond, young, interesting, red-haired, young, exciting girls. He forgets, over and over, all evidence to the contrary, that nowadays the parties we go to are more likely to have beautiful, forty-year-old, blond, forty-year-old, red-haired, forty-year-old girls.

I don't harbour any illusions. I know perfectly well before we start that the men are not going to be *cute, smooth,* or have a *good line.* They are going to be balding and short-winded and if the party is in the suburbs it's a good bet that sooner or later they will clump together at one end of the room and discuss plumbing and gutters. It is not the kind of excitement that's going to make you feverish or anything.

It may seem to you that the kind of person who hates parties may do so because she is not noticed enough. Well I'm *noticed* all right. Everybody notices me. I'm the one standing around trying to hang onto a glass, a handbag, a cigarette, and a drippy shrimp, and not succeeding. I'm the one hastily gulping down my Scotch as though it were Seven-Up in the hope that it will enable me to face some utter stranger and say brightly, "Hello," or something else clever and arresting, even though my rolled-up underwear sleeves are showing.

Some hostesses leave you strictly alone and assume that you will mill around, mixing gaily with the crowd, making lifelong friends, and filling the room with peals of laughter and witty conversation. Other hostesses feel it their duty to see to it personally that you meet everyone and *enjoy yourself* no matter how miserable it makes you. She introduces you to a Mr. Ugg, and as there is no chair Mr. Ugg has to get up clutching *his* drink and cigarette and bit of toast with egg on it, and give you his chair. There is so much noise that you can't hear each other murmuring platitudes unless he stoops down. It is too bad that he does, because it is not until after I have made several definitive statements about brain surgery that I discover he is *(Continued on page 151)*

MRS. JOHN SIMMS KELLY

(Continued from page 100)

with the aid of her undaunted twice-a-week seamstress: this looks well, that doesn't. She likes her skirts short, just grazing the knee, or all the way to the floor; likes the look of a tunic with a very short skirt below it—not more than three inches of skirt showing. The same either-or rule applies to sleeves: very short, or to the wrist (or non-existent); and to pants—short shorts are all right, long pants are better, and Bermuda shorts are (she thinks) out of the question—"all you see is those hideous knees."

She never wears V necks, on the firmly-held theory that her face is too long. In trying on anything, she thinks it is important to consider, or reconsider, the distance from head to shoulders, shoulders to waist, waist to knee, and knee to foot. If any of these distances is too long or too short, the new dress should do something to correct the fault—and it certainly shouldn't accentuate it.

Her basic clothes-thinking boils down to this: "You need imagination, and a strong mental picture—you have to know what you want. When this materializes in the looking-glass, you feel, and inevitably look, your best. When it doesn't, you just miss that day."

The main reason Mrs. Kelly wears pants and flat-heeled shoes in the country is that it's better for "running around this big house doing chores—it also allows me the freedom of no girdle or garter-belt contraptions and no runs in stockings." No exact count exists of the number of pairs of pants she owns, but it's a good many, as she buys on an average of three new pairs a year and seldom throws any away. Most of the lightweight ones—silks, shantungs, velveteens—are by Pucci. (Pucci's size twelve fits her perfectly): these are in pale blue, yellow, sage-green, violet, and other delicious colours, as well as black. Heavier worsted and flannel pants, in navy blue, grey, taupey-beige, and the like, are often made for her by A. Garelli, in Cannes. Several other pairs, including khaki and corduroy "work pants," were picked up here and there.

Her collection of tops is equally eclectic: a lavender mohair fringed pull-over from Ischia; a white handmade cable-stitch sweater from Dublin; an apple-green nylon jersey pull-over from a New York department store; a shocking-pink jumper of thin knitted wool, another of jersey striped in red, green, and blue, from Italy; a raspberry knitted jacket (shown on page 98) from the Galeries Lafayette in Paris; a group of Pucci's printed silk jersey pull-ons in various colours to wear with his shantung pants.

With her daytime pants-and-tops outfits in the country, Mrs. Kelly generally wears flat-heeled leather shoes with brass snaffle-bit buckles across the top, made for her by a small shoemaker near Portofino in Italy; she has these in navy blue, black, brown, red, and white.

While travelling, Mrs. Kelly keeps an eye out for pretty bits of material, which may end up as a chair-cover for her house, or as a blouse or top for herself. One such piece, of red, gold, and turquoise damask, is now a sleeveless, round-necked blouse that she wears with long black dinner skirts; another, of black and green brocade, became an evening jacket and opera pumps.

Mrs. Kelly finds that "four or five good things for town" seem to take care of her city daytime life adequately. Besides the black Balenciaga suit shown on page 98, there's a raspberry-red suit, also by Balenciaga, of basket-weave wool; a dark-blue wool tunic dress by Capucci with the look she likes—a long, loose tunic and a very short skirt below it; a beige wool Dior dress. Over all these, her white Givenchy coat (see page 98) goes well. With turtle-neck tops and tweed skirts, in the country, she often wears a Michel Goma coat in what she describes as "dulled-off mustard." Of all her costumes for day and evening, city and country, the one her husband likes best—it always draws enthusiastic comments—is a black-and-white checked raincoat, bought in the junior department of a New York shop for $25, and worn with shiny black boots.



*Pretty as a picture in their comely ARLENE AIRESS® and "Lil" AIRESS® ensembles. Fine white polished cotton with elegant Schiffli embroidery, in burnished gold or mint. Overjacket covers a dainty sleeveless frock with a touch of colored piping at neck and sleeve. Sizes 3x-6x, about $6. . . 7-14, about $8. * Don't miss the "Miss Airess" Contest. Details on every Airess dress hangtag.*

JACK L. HONIG, INC.

JORDAN MARSH . . . *Boston, Mass.* • MILLER BROS. . . . *Chattanooga, Tenn.* • WEIBOLDT STORES . . . *Chicago, Ill.* • FOLEY BROS. . . . *Houston, Texas* • L. S. AYRES & CO. . . . *Indianapolis, Ind.* GIMBEL BROS. . . . *New York City* • FAMOUS & BARR CO. . . . *St. Louis, Mo.* • SCHULTZ & CO. . . . *Terre Haute, Ind.* • WOODWARD & LOTHROP . . . *Washington, D. C.* • or write us for store nearest you.



ENTERTAINING

(Continued from page 147)

muffins, toasted and buttered; marmalade and cherry jam; protein bread to be toasted to order by guests; butter curls; tiny Danish pastries and fruit turnovers; and, naturally, urns of coffee.

Afternoon tea: 5 o'clock

Most famous charmer of the odd-hour parties is the old-fashioned dawdle known as tea. The format calls for this to take place in the living room, preferably with a focal point: fireplace in action, or a window with a view, or a garden. Conversation in comfort is the *raison d'être*, and the comfort part can not be overstressed. Rule: for each guest, a chair, and a table within arm's reach. Balancing acts not in order. Tea is one thing the hostess, unless she is physically unable, must serve herself. A maid may bring the tea things in, but traditionally she then vanishes until summoned for the clearing. The table with the tea equipment, the hostess's headquarters, is preferably about card table size and height, but could be an oversized coffee table.

Tea food should be lightly substantial—one or two kinds of hot sandwiches passed in hot water warmers; several varieties of cold sandwiches, kept until tea time under well wrung-out damp napkins (never refrigerated, this makes them clammy); cookies or cakes. For the food to go the rounds on, the traditional device is a three-tiered muffin stand, named in England long ago the "curate's assistant."

Tea Menu

LAPSANG SOUCHONG TEA
Sugar, milk, lemon, rum
IDEAS FOR HOT SANDWICHES
Crostinis: thin smoked ham and mozzarella cheese on white bread, the whole sautéed in butter. Hot mushroom turnovers: small pastry pockets filled with sautéed mushrooms and minced shallots.
IDEAS FOR COLD SANDWICHES
Smoked pullet slices on buttered rye bread.
Lettuce, mayonnaise, and fresh dill sprays on white bread.
Crab-meat and bacon crumbles with Russian dressing on tiny finger rolls.
Boiled ham on thin-sliced cheese bread with mustard butter.
Thin-sliced buttered oatmeal bread.
ASSORTED COOKIES OR
KUGELHOFF OR
LADY BALTIMORE CAKE

Early bridge evening: half past six

A plan that encompasses cocktails, buffet, and gaming as well... and still suggests early leave-taking—will seem to some guests brilliant. Here is one such format.

Bridge starts at half past six, no slow-down for drinks; after two rubbers, buffet supper to be eaten at the card tables. While the guests are filling their plates at the buffet, the tables are quickly transformed with cloths. During after-dinner coffee, the tables can be just as smoothly restored for bridge with the assistance, if there is no maid, of a carry-all cart.

Bridge Menu

TOMATO AND CELERY ESSENCE
with chopped chives
Cheese straws
VEAL IN MUSTARD SAUCE
Sautéed veal with sliced mushrooms in a mustard and sour cream sauce under a flaky pastry crust made with sage and paprika.
SALAD
Chicory, endive, Boston lettuce, and artichoke hearts, with an oil or vinegar dressing.
BEL PAESE CHEESE AND CRACKERS
ORANGE SLICES IN CHILLED RED WINE
Claret or Burgundy, boiled until syrupy with sugar, water, cloves, cinnamon, tangerine and lemon slices, and served very cold over peeled orange segments.

Details of the multiple image of beauty

(Continued from pages 104-105)

The permutations and combinations of our face-on-face panorama express only a fraction of what's possible: the new Ultima collection lists eighteen base colours, eighteen face powders, to play against a twelve-shade choice in lipsticks. The foundations in the photograph, in vertical rows left to right: Bronze Umber; Gold Lamé; Mauvesse; Azurine; Apricotta; Pink-essence. Lipsticks in diagonal rows, upper left to lower right: Palmy Pink; African Violet; Turkish Coffee; Bimini Coral; Rubaiyat; Castilian Gold.

"MRS. SMITH REGRETS"

(Continued from page 148)

the country's foremost brain surgeon.

You would think that this particular hostess, or indeed any hostess who had ever seen me before, would learn to hide me in the powder room or the pantry, but they persist in living dangerously.

There are several different kinds of parties. There is the cocktail party at which there are fourteen people and eleven chairs. There is the cocktail party at which there are sixty people and no chairs. And there is the dinner party at which you find yourself seated between two total strangers with your foot in your mouth. At the dinner party I'm the one leaning my chin pensively on my hand, flicking a fingernail nonchalantly on the crystal and humming "Paddlin' Madeline Home" under my breath. It's my way of retaining a fragile hold on mental health while trying to keep up two disparate conversations with two strangers, both of whom *must* be noticing my rolled-up underwear sleeves. Before the dessert I usually manage to make a piercing analysis of a rotten play I saw and to survey the situation in the Middle East. It is not till after the coffee that I learn that the gentleman on my left was the author of the rotten play and the gentleman on my right, the Iraqi ambassador.

But I'm not surprised. Why should I be? Back in the days of the pink party dress and the pink party socks and the pink party hair ribbon and the patent leather pumps, I was the one who pinned the tail on the hostess' neck, I was the one who couldn't pull the snapper because I had to put my fingers in my ears. I was the one who giggled to the little boy sitting next to me that such a funny-looking woman had just come in only to be told crossly that the funny-looking woman was his mother. Even then, I had that patent-leather-shod foot in my mouth—along with several loose teeth. *And* underwear sleeves.

So *please* don't talk to my husband on trains or in stores or in theatre lobbies—that is, unless you don't *mind* having someone tag along who'll drop bits of salmon on your carpet and bring your conversation to a dead halt.

BEAUTY—HOW TO STAY WITH IT

(Continued from page 97)

she does a certain amount of riding, side-saddle, "mostly to stay on." In the summer she tans to the limit, has worn bikinis discreetly for years. Basically her régime is keyed to suit the city needs of a woman who has grown up playing lots of tennis and golf, swimming and riding, et cetera. The rewards of this life—clear-eyed good health and a natural elegance in motion—are the great charms of Mrs. Vanderbilt's good looks, and her make-up is geared to them: "Just powder, lipstick—it gets brighter as the day goes on—and curl my eyelashes. . . . I'm not very set up, really. Sometimes I do fill in my eyebrows a little with a black pencil." Her fair Irish skin and dark hair brushed with grey make her a natural for wearing black; quite wisely, however, she prefers strong, surprising colours, and looks marvellous in them. "The clothes I really care about are Main's," she said recently. "If it's comfortable and I can get it at Main's, that's all I want. I've had some of his clothes so long they've been let out and taken in again through both children."

At night, she loves to wear pants at home with a silk shirt and a belt, or loose pyjamas of black velvet; and among a collection of dressy sweaters, she cherishes especially one of Main's that has a chiffon blouse to match—"Oh," she said with the surprised start of a woman who hasn't thought clothes-clothes-clothes in some time, "I've had that for twelve years; I suppose it's beginning to look a little worn."



Henson Kickernick



Poncho-styled nylon shortie
White/Black, 32-36, $6.95

HENSON-KICKERNICK
NEW YORK • GREENVILLE, TEXAS

DYLAN THOMAS

(Continued from page 111)

secretive because of pride, melancholy because joy is so dangerous, hard-working but without the Germanic complacency in labour for its own sake, sensuous but puritan, resisting the English conquerors and yet secretly admiring them, arrogant but polite, poor but superior, eloquent but shy, they are a folk with a great heart almost broken by an ancient grudge.

Only half of them speak Welsh nowadays, although every Welshman knows some words of his old language. Still, they all think Welsh; they all feel Welsh; they are quite unlike the English and the other inhabitants of the British islands. It was Dylan Thomas, one of their own poets, who expressed their paradoxical heart in the simple words of a woman talking to her child: "Oh, isn't life a terrible thing, thank God?" [From Dylan Thomas', *Under Milk Wood.*]

Dylan Thomas was born in Swansea in 1914, and died in New York in 1953. Although his tongue was English, and although he knew only the necessary few words (polite and impolite) of his country's language, his heart and his fancy were Welsh. Of his two names, one was the name of a Christian saint, the other that of a Celtic sea-god. He was so modern that he was often shocking, usually incomprehensible; yet some of the central difficulties of his poetry came from the age and obscurity of the ancient traditions which sustained it. In order to understand his poems, we must think of the Welsh and their remarkable character.

They are deeply religious. The lives of many of them are centred upon the chapel (usually Methodist) where they sing and pray and preach with an eloquence and fervour that astounds visitors from other lands where religion is taken more calmly. Even when they are not practising Christians, they tend to have a religious attitude to life: they are not logicians, not pragmatists, but mystics. Such was their greatest modern statesman, Lloyd George. Such was Dylan Thomas in his poetry, where sexual love is a supernal experience like absorption in God, and where, though there is scarcely a trace of orthodox Christian thinking, the great images of Christianity constantly appear:

"And this day's sun leapt
up the sky out of her
thighs
Was miraculous virginity
old as loaves and fishes.
Though the moment of a
miracle is unending
lightning
And the shipyards of
Galilee's footprints hide
a navy of doves."
[From "On the marriage of
a virgin"]

Then, the Welsh love singing. Their choirs are famous throughout Britain; even those strict chapel-goers who think dancing is sinful will lift up their hearts in glorious hymns on the Sabbath; and one of the most moving crowd experiences possible in our time is to hear the entire Welsh contingent at an international football match drop its rowdy jokes and spiteful jibes and break into the rich, slow harmonies of "All Through the Night."

Therefore Dylan Thomas is a singing poet. His poems are all lyrics, with elaborately interlaced rhymes, and with their dancing lines arranged in a complex pattern like a choral dance or the parts of an intricate antiphonal chorus. Consider the first stanza of "Over Sir John's hill."

"Over Sir John's hill
The hawk on fire hangs
still;
In a hoisted cloud, at drop
of dusk, he pulls to his
claws
And gallows, up the rays
of his eyes the small
birds of the bay
And the shrill child's play
Wars
Of the sparrows and such
who swansing, dusk, in
wrangling hedges.
And blithely they squawk
To fiery tyburn over the
wrestle of elms until
The flash the noosed hawk
Crashes, and slowly the
fishing holy stalking
heron
In the river Towy below
bows his tilted head-
stone."

The subject is beautiful enough: a hawk in the sunset poised and pouncing over small birds, while a heron fishes sedately in the water. But look at the arrangement of the rhymes and half-rhymes: *hill still claws bay play wars squawk hawk heron headstone* woven together. (The seventh and ninth lines have no corresponding rhymes.)

And look at the complex variety of the lines, one only a single syllable long, and another, next door to it, fifteen syllables in length. A single singer, improvising, might strike out such a stanza, once. Dylan Thomas went on to write four more stanzas in the same pattern, passing from the difficult to the almost impossible, like a singer outdoing his own echo.

Also, many of the finest of his phrases clearly came to him first of all as melodies, those unreasonable fragments of beauty which drift into the heads of most musicians and some poets. The planned and growing poems came later; but first the few words which were the song:

"All all and all the dry
worlds lever,"
[From "All all and all the dry worlds lever"]

"When I was a windy boy
and a bit"
[From "Lament"]

"Now as I was young and
easy under the apple
boughs"
[From "Fern Hill"]

"Twenty-four years remind
the tears of my eyes."
[From "Twenty-four years"]

They almost sing themselves.

Even in the most exalted prose of the Welsh—for instance, in the prayers and sermons of their finest preachers—poetry is constantly breaking in. They have a word for the inspiration that overcomes one of their ministers when, after preaching for some time, he feels a new spirit of eloquence entering him and bearing him up and making him say things he has never meditated, so that he himself is astonished and his audience breaks into tears and cries of rapture. This in Welsh is called *hwyl*, the voyage under full sail.

Dylan Thomas's poetry is full of that surging energy which lifts his songs up and over ordinary reason. Even in ordinary life, the Welsh are inhabited by an electrical excitement which is quite unlike the clocklike regularity of the Saxon. They are more easily moved, they will break far more rapidly and loudly into argument, even their silences vibrate with suppressed feeling.

Dylan Thomas's poems

therefore are Welsh in that they are tryingtosayasmuchaspossible-allinonebreath. English and American poetry usually moves more slowly, spacing itself out as though in our flat wide plains it had more ease of movement. Wales is a country of spiky crags, and narrow twisting valleys, and angry little cataracts and seething brooks pushing their way through reluctant stones.

It is deeply moving to hear Dylan Thomas reading his own poems, as he does on a number of excellent phonograph records: moving, but perplexing and even disappointing. When he speaks a poem which is essentially dramatic—for instance, his address to his father, "Do not go gentle into that good night"—then everything is clear, the rich voice enters our heart, the refrain hammers its way home through our blood.

But when he reads a different type of poem, an irregular lyric packed with complicated and often conflicting images, then we can scarcely follow, we are bewildered even with the printed page open on our knee. Is Dylan reading wrongly, or are we looking for the wrong effect? Perhaps the answer to both questions is Yes. Dylan Thomas used to read his lyrics not as though they were poems full of song, but as though they were dramatic speeches straight out of a play which might have been a successor to *Hamlet*.

Songs can not be spoken in the level and only mildly varied tones of rhetoric; they should be sung and played, sung by different voices perhaps, and musicked by an orchestra. Or else, perhaps, Dylan Thomas meant us to listen without fully understanding: to be like the devout Welsh congregations who would listen to their preachers creating, within a tiny tin-roofed chapel, a world which could be described only in terms beyond normal comprehension like the vision of the Apocalypse.

In yet another way, his art is Celtic. One of the most marvellous books in the world is the Book of Kells. This is a Latin text of the Gospels, written and decorated by Irish scribes in the eighth century. Lovely as it is, it is bewildering to look at. Page after page is covered with rich patterns of scrollwork and cunning arrangements of tiny figures and fantastic designs partly geometrical and partly symbolical, swooping and swirling as intricately as water in a rocky streambed, tinted as variously as a flowering garden.

It is astonishing to gaze at a page of the Book for ten minutes, picking out the quaint animals and the branch-and-leaf motifs and the sunwheels or swastikas which survive from Celtic paganism, and the manifold curves and colours which must have taken months to plan and sketch and execute, and then to realize that the entire page is simply one large initial letter—C, or I, or Q—on which all the rest has been built up, like variegated coral and suave submarine plants settling upon a ship's anchor at the bottom of a shallow tropical sea.

That particular type of art, devoted to tricky pattern-making, is very friendly to the Celtic temperament. Much early Irish and Welsh poetry is based on complex riddles. There are poems which have two or three meanings, and whose sense seems to change in every line. In Welsh at least there is another type of poem based on the magic of numbers, so that every theme is arranged and connected by threes, or by sevens.

Welsh poetry, for all the subtlety and frailty of its emotions, was never a formless gush of excitement, "a drift of mist and wind and sea-foam." ". . . the discipline of Welsh poetry is the strictest in the known world of literature, and it is beyond human ability to rave in an ecstasy while observing the requirements of a complicated alliterative system, with end rhymes and internal rhymes to find, and whilst paying due attention to stresses and to the exact number of syllables." [From Gwyn Williams', *An Introduction to Welsh Poetry* (Faber 1953) quoted and reviewed in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 20th February, 1953. The fine phrase "a drift of mist and wind and sea-foam" is cited from this review.] Dylan Thomas, though writing in English, works in that tradition. He writes poems which form a regular pattern on the printed page, like a diamond or a pair of wings; [Thomas, "Vision and Prayer."] he plays magically with interwoven rhymes and assonances. He knows there is no such thing as "free verse." Part of his power comes from the competition between his wild emotions and his firm aesthetic control.

Dylan Thomas, then, is emphatically a Celtic poet. And he is better understood if he is put beside other poets of the Anglo-Celtic frontier. Like him, Robert

(Continued on page 154)





Help means life itself

Park In Sun, Korean, age 5. Parents refugees from north. Father now dead. Two other children. Family lives in shack. Mother earns $3.00 per month. Child always hungry, sad. Has no clothes for Korean winter. Situation desperate. Mother despairing. Help to Sun means life to whole family. Will keep family unit together. Help urgent.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of your child upon receipt of application with initial payment. Your child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, and Hong Kong—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City.

©1960 FPP, Inc.

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

FOUNDED 1937

PARTIAL LIST of SPONSORS and FOSTER PARENTS

Mary Pickford
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
C. D. Jackson
Helen Hayes
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Edward R. Murrow
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Gov. & Mrs. Walter Kohler
Charles R. Hook
Steve Allen
Garry Moore

V-3-15-60

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC.
352 Park Avenue South, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex....., age....., nationality.....

I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).

I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City .....Zone..... State.....

Date..... .....Contributions are deductible from Income Tax.

DYLAN THOMAS

(Continued from page 153)

Burns was a drinker and a woman-izer, born and educated among a people whom some have called puritans and others hypocrites. Burns never learned much about his ancestry, but his father came from northern Scotland and was on the nationalist side in the 1745 rebellion. so that he was more Gael than Saxon. Although Burns's poems are far less subtle than Dylan Thomas', they are more vigorous, and not less sincere; and they celebrate with comparable gusto the excitements of sexual love and the ravishments of nature.

Like Dylan again, Henry Vaughan was a Welsh mystic, who found in childhood the promise of eternal happiness:

"Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my
Angel-infancy!"

[From Vaughan's, "The Retreat"]

He turned away from the world, looking toward God for that passionless tranquillity which alone could free him from the pains of this life. Thomas sought an earthly-heavenly joy in this world, in his own youth, his own body, and his own countryside; but he was very close to Vaughan when in boyhood he whispered the truth of his joy:

"To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.
And the mystery
Sang alive
Still in the water and singing-birds."

[From Thomas', "Poem in October"]

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gilbert Highet, Anthon Professor of Latin Language and Literature at Columbia University for ten years, and, since 1952, the voice discussing "People, Places, and Books" on radio is author of many books.* The Powers of Poetry *is to be published late in April by Oxford University Press. This article, his fourth for Vogue, is part of that new book.*

YOU AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

(Continued from page 109)

rent in our light and power lines, and a new exciting era in the course of civilization.

Not long after the *fission* of the uranium atom came the still more horrendous *fusion* of the hydrogen-helium apparatus, and then emerged in consequence the H-bomb and the multi-billion dollar budgets that seem necessary to defend us against ourselves. Certainly we should be atom conscious, for those tiny chunks with a mighty wallop are writing the future of mankind.

The various kinds of atoms not only have names, many of them familiar names such as tin, gold, sulphur, iron, radium, but we have assigned them specific numbers from 1 to more than 100. The numbering is in order of increasing weight and complexity. Simple hydrogen, of course, is No. 1. Its high distinction is that apparently out of hydrogen fuel the universe has been cooked. The fact that so much hydrogen now remains in stars and space betokens a long radiant future for the sun, and, incidentally, for earthly life.

Argon, the principal subject of this sketch, is No. 18. In its most common form it is composed of 18 protons, 22 neutrons, and 18 electrons. We might say that electrons are chunks of negative electricity, protons are chunks of positive electricity, and neutrons just chunks. But don't ask what electricity is. The electrons are so compactly distributed in the outer structure of the argon atom that other kinds of atoms can not make combinations with No. 18. It has no handles which other atoms can grasp and hold. as oxygen can grasp and hold two hydrogen atoms and produce a water molecule. Oxygen is very hungry for atomic association, and so is carbon. Their electron arrangements are wonderfully suited to the making of compounds. Carbon and hydrogen can make methane; carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen combine for various kinds of sugar; oxygen and nitrogen make laughing gas; oxygen and silicon form a compound that constitutes about three-quarters of the earth's crust; and so on, thousands of compounds—but argon remains aloof, no compounds. There ought to be a moral to this story of argon. It tells us of the smallness of the units of matter. It reminds us of the mobility of gases, of the turbulence in that healthy gaseous envelope we call Our Atmosphere. It associates us with the past and the future.

AIR CRUISES

(Continued from page 113)

Africa, the Union of South Africa, the Rhodesias, Kenya, Tanganyika, and Egypt. Included are visits to the skyscraper city of Johannesburg, to the Kimberley diamond mines, to ostrich farms and game preserves, and to the southern slopes of Kilimanjaro. This American Express tour leaves New York on Sabena jets May 20, July 1, August 12, October 28, and November 11; the price is $3,420. Extra for single rooms.

To hunt in New Zealand

Among the reasons that hunters go to New Zealand are the red deer, imported less than a century ago but plentiful enough now to be classed as vermin. For two or more people who want a month of deer-hunting, marlin-fishing, and trout-fishing, one package arranges everything—first-class jet flights on B.O.A.C., chartered amphibian planes, launches, drivers, meals, and comfortable hotel rooms close to the rivers and sea. Although the red-deer season is always open, the best time for both hunting and fishing is during New Zealand's summery months, December through April. This trip, costing about $3,750 a person, is made-to-order by Mr. T. W. S. Pasley, Continental American Travel, 465 Park Avenue, New York.

$837, twenty-three days in Europe

For a twenty-three-day sampling of a lot of Europe, one package budgets both time and money to include, for $837, time in London, Brussels, Paris, Rome, Venice, and Florence, as well as in the Tyrol, the Alps, and on the Riviera. These Lanseair Travel tours leave New York fifteen times between May 21 and October 22 on T.W.A. jets to London. The price includes transportation, breakfasts, dinners, and a shared room without bath; for either a single room or a bath, the cost is $1.50 more a night. (During June, July, and August, the package price goes up $55.)

Hawaii's gardens, nineteen days

Because Hawaii has, besides statehood and James Michener, all that distinctly exotic greenery, one nineteen-day air tour will leave San Francisco on May 1 to concentrate upon the island gardens. Guided by a garden expert, the group will spend five days in Honolulu before island-hopping to Kauai, Maui, and Hawaii to visit, besides private gardens, a few of the vast orchid, pineapple, and sugar plantations. Inevitable on any Hawaiian trip, whatever its ostensible point, are luau dinners, and the half-real, half-commercial nostalgia for the days when native royalty walked the land. (The last: Liliuokalani, deposed in 1893.) Organized by the Jean Berke Travel Service, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York, this trip costs about $1,030, a price that includes a seat both ways on a United Air Lines DC-8, hotels, meals, touring, and inter-island flights.

The Caribbean, seventeen days

One Caribbean trip touches seven islands in seventeen days, neatly circumventing that better-swimming, greener-grass brooding to which tourists, once settled, sometimes fall prey. The islands are Aruba, Curaçao, Trinidad, Tobago, Barbados, Antigua, and Puerto Rico; the program, on each, includes sight-seeing, swimming, and merely beaching. The round trip from New York on KLM, most meals, and some drinks come with the package, priced at $720, plus $105 for anyone who wants a single room.

Twenty-seven days, mostly in Russia

For a quick taste of Russia, B.O.A.C. will fly four groups this summer on a trip that takes twenty-seven days, fifteen of them in Russia. Long enough to ensure a few solid cocktail-party opinions, the stay in Russia includes four days in Moscow, two in Stalingrad, one on a Volga River steamer, one in Rostov, three in the Black Sea resort of Sochi, one in Kiev, and three in Leningrad. The rest of the trip breaks up into five days in London, five in Paris, and two that involve transatlantic jetting. This tour, leaving New York on May 21, June 25, July 30, and August 27, costs $1,513, including transportation, guided sight-seeing, tips, three meals a day except in Paris and London, and shared rooms with baths. (For single rooms, add $85.) Reservations through University Travel, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

(Continued on page 156)



Brand Names make wise buying easier!



You don't have to be an expert shopper to be assured of satisfaction when you buy by Brand Name.

Brand Names are built on your confidence. You and your neighbors dictate the standards a Brand Name product must meet to consistently deliver the value and service you want.

A respected Brand Name is a manufacturer's most valuable asset and he spares no effort to protect it by constantly bettering his product.

A Brand Name is the maker's guarantee of satisfaction which is *doubly endorsed* by the dealer who sells it.

For dependable quality and consistent satisfaction you do better with brands you know; get to know those you see advertised in this magazine.

To get the most for your money *buy by Brand Name and be sure!*

A Brand Name is a maker's reputation

CONFIDENCE BRAND NAMES SATISFACTION

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC. • 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



OUR DRESSES HAVE A SECRET

Perfect for little angels—frilly, flouncy and made even fuller with attached crinolines. *But how can anything so pretty be practical?* The secret is—they're automatic wash 'n wear, need never be ironed. Miracle Dacron* and cotton batiste blend in 3 to 6X (about $9), 7 to 14 (about $11). Left, #4513 in pink and sky blue. Right, #8690 floral appliqued—canary, pink. Write for store nearest you, or visit any of the following:

**Claire B. Schwartz, Inc. • Willow Grove, Pa.*

**Dacron, DuPont's polyester fiber*

Allentown, Pa. . . . Zollinger Harned • Baltimore . . . Hutzler Bros. • Boston . . . Wm. Filene's Sons
Eugene, Ore. . . . Bon Marche • Florida . . . Burdine's • Las Vegas . . . Ronzone's
Lubbock, Tex. . . . Dunlap Co • New York . . . Arnold Constable • Pennsylvania . . . A. E. Troutman Co.
Philadelphia . . . John Wanamaker • Reno . . . Gray-Reid-Wright • San Diego . . . Marston Co.
San Francisco . . . Livingstone Bros. • Washington, D.C. . . . The Hecht Co. • Wilkes-Barre, Pa. . . . Fowler, Dick & Walker



Ingber's ubiquitous vanity clutch of jet mock patent features Florentine-finished brass side panels. About $12 plus tax. Slightly higher in the West.

ingber Inc.
the best thing on your arm
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES

AIR CRUISES

(Continued from page 155)

Two trips to Scandinavia

At least as cool as an air-conditioned city apartment, the Arctic Circle seems, May through August, a pleasant destination. One seventeen-day trip to Norway starts from either New York or Los Angeles with a Scandinavian Airlines System jet flight to Bergen, where passengers board a small Norwegian ship to cruise the fjords, cross the Circle, and round the North Cape to Kirkenes, almost on the Russian frontier. After a five-day return to Bergen, with shore excursions at Harstad, Svolvaer, Trondheim, and Aalesund, this tour continues by train to Oslo, take-off city for the return flight. Costing, for each of two people, about $830 from New York and about $1,000 from Los Angeles, the package includes everything except lunch and dinner in Bergen and Oslo.

Another tour, three weeks long, covers not only Norway but also Sweden and Denmark, travelling by jet, train, ferry, and a comfortable bus with a bar for non-alcoholic coolers. One morning in Stockholm is spent cruising the canals by motor launch; another, in Norway, skimming across the Sogne Fjord for a picnic. Travelling between New York and Copenhagen on SAS two people can make the trip for $998 apiece, including guided sight-seeing, museum admissions, all breakfasts but only some lunches and dinners, and a shared room everywhere. Arrangements, Bennett Tours.

A Japanese island, nine days

The green, pretty island of Hokkaido, Japan's northern tip, has rain in the fall, skiers in the winter, and, during the summer, a pleasantly cool climate, a landscape sprinkled with hot springs. One ten-day trip there, including a visit to Shiraoi, the village of the aboriginal Ainu people, costs, any time of the year, about $1,180, with trans-Pacific flights on Pan American jets, intra-Japan flights on Japan Air Lines, guides, some meals, and shared rooms.

Mainly Africa

Going to Africa and other places, one trip circles the southern half of the world in fifty-eight days, thirty-three of them spent in the Union of South Africa, Tanganyika, and Kenya. Leaving, any time, from the West Coast, travellers may stop over in Hawaii and Fiji, dip down onto the wild, beautiful North and South Islands of New Zealand, fly on to Australia and then to the British island of Mauritius before landing at Johannesburg on the twenty-fourth day. Including everything, with jet flights on B.O.A.C. and QANTAS, this costs about $3,300, arranged from anywhere and back. Book through Empire Tours.

For undergraduates, North Africa, Europe

Strictly for the young in heart and duly registered, one air tour, planned by the *Yale Record*, Yale's undergraduate humour magazine, spins through North Africa and Europe in fifty-five days, touching such places as Casablanca, Marrakech, Luxor, Assuan, and Pamplona during the bullfights. Assembling, rightfully, at a party in the Hotel Biltmore in New York on June 14, the tour proceeds later that evening to Paris by Air France jet. By August 8, tour members are back in Paris, either to fly home or to stay on unguided for the rest of the summer, using their Air France return tickets just before school starts. The complete package costs $2,198; some meals in Paris and Rome are extra.

Two to the Pacific

Its popularity as a travel place spreading with the inexorable speed of bamboo, the Pacific—once more or less the province of writers, painters, and *The National Geographic*—has been opened up by fast, frequent flights. One twenty-one-day cruise of five South Pacific islands flies off each Sunday from the West Coast, dipping down on Fiji, Yasawa, Tahiti, Mooréa, and Bora Bora; the schedule includes a four-day cruise on a private yacht, and, on the way south, a few days in Hawaii. For each of two sharing double rooms, this Pan American package costs about $1,750; not included, by some quirk, meals in Hawaii.

For those to whom the Pacific's most salient charm is still oceanic, another package is based upon thirty-two days at sea, calling at ports in Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, and Fiji. From Fiji, passengers jet back to San Francisco by Pan American. These thirty-three days cost about $1,300, including meals, hotels, shore trips, and transportation; Matson Lines makes all arrangements.

PRINTED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS, GREENWICH, CONN., U. S. A.



Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

Happy young mothers always look beautiful. But *she* has something special. A fresh quality, an endearing warmth and radiance. Her hair sparkles with life. The color is rich, vibrant yet soft, ladylike and the hair itself silky, delightful to touch. And *this* is the wonderfully reassuring thing about using Miss Clairol. It keeps hair color so bright, keeps hair in beautiful condition.

And that's why hairdressers all over the world recommend and *always* use Miss Clairol. Its *automatic color timing* is so dependable. And Miss Clairol *really* covers gray. But mostly they like the way it silkens the hair, keeps it lovely, lively, completely natural-looking. So try Miss Clairol yourself. Today. So quick and easy, it takes only minutes. In Creme Formula or Regular.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MISS CLAIROL® **HAIR COLOR BATH®** MORE WOMEN USE MISS CLAIROL THAN ALL OTHER HAIRCOLORING COMBINED

©1960 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available Also in Canada

Breck Hair Set Mist



A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS



IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STIFF

Breck Hair Set Mist is a fine, gentle spray that leaves hair soft to the touch, never stiff or dry. This fragrant spray contains lanolin which brings out your hair's natural lustre and beauty. It is good to your hair.

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STICKY

This soft spray does not make hair sticky. It holds curls beautifully in place for hours, even in damp weather. To renew its gentle hold just draw a damp comb through your curls — no respraying is necessary.

• Use after combing, to hold hair in place. • Use before combing — style as you comb • Use for pincurling

2 oz. size 65¢; 5½ oz. size $1.25; 8 oz. size $1.50; 11 oz. size $2.00. All plus tax.

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

Copyright 1960 by John H. Breck, Inc.

ENJOY "THE BRECK SUNDAY SHOWCASE", A SERIES OF DRAMATIC PROGRAMS ON THE NBC-TELEVISION NETWORK.